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MAN to MAN

THE STAG MAGAZINE

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The ABC's of SERVING



MAN to MAN

Volume 3

Number 3

THE STAG MAGAZINE •

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RAY CHATTERTON

Article Editor

HOWARD DAUGHTON

Fiction Editor

ARTHUR PETERSON

Picture Editor

NEIL CRAWFORD

Sports Editor

JAY BURTIS

Advertising Manager

JON LAURELL — Art Director

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by treceno, pom, reiker, ali, beaven and
yates.

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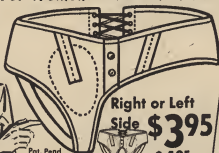
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WORLD'S LARGEST PARADISE OF PROSTITUTES

London's Piccadilly Circus

By ERIC KULICK

Famous War Correspondent

PICCADILLY CIRCUS is to London what Times Square is to New York and Hollywood and Vine is to Los Angeles.

It is the center of the nightclub district, and it is faced by some of the largest hotels and most expensive restaurants in all England. It is also one of the largest flesh-pots in the world.

There were very few American soldiers in World War II who passed through London without fighting the Battle of Piccadilly. It was a battle without guns or tanks or airplanes, but it was one of the costliest battles ever fought, against two of the worst unseen enemies.

The enemies were gonorrhea and syphilis, and they probably knocked more troops out of action than the Normandy landings.

In those blackout days of the war, business was booming for the prostitutes. The London bobbies tried to hold them in check as much as possible, but the job was too big and there were too few policemen to tackle it.

For every girl they collared and dragged to the lockup for examination, two new prostitutes came up to take her place in the milling Piccadilly crowds.

And some of these round-heeled ladies of the night made tax-free fortunes. Prices ranged from two pounds for a short visit to their boudoirs of love to ten pounds and more for a night.

In those days the pound was worth about \$4.05. Figure it out for yourself.

BUT for untold numbers of the lonely soldiers who took up with these harlots, the memory of their visits lingered for weeks or months.

They lined up at the dispensaries or base hospitals for sulpha pills or penicillin shots, they suffered the "death of a thousand needles" and swore never again. But that didn't stop business in Piccadilly Circus.

There were always more soldiers coming over who didn't know the price they might have to pay for a night in London.

Most of the London prostitutes
(Continued on page 49)



Most of the London prostitutes peddle their wares openly on the streets. Competition is terrific, and the girls use every trick.

Is the rendezvous of many thousands of girls who peddle their bodies



Photo by Ewing Galloway

This great traffic center is to greater London what busy Times Square is to greater New York.



Posed by professional models

Some of the girls took up prostitution because they enjoyed that way of earning their living.



Posed by professional models

At night, the prostitutes are so numerous that a pedestrian hes to sidestep to get around them.

TRAGIC DROWNING of

1,500 PEOPLE



The Titanic was a huge ship, the mightiest ever constructed, supposed to be unsinkable.

**The greatest of all sea disasters
was the wreck of the huge Titanic**

By THORP McCLUSKY

AT 11:40 P.M. on the evening of April 14, 1912, the hugest ship ever built by human hands and ingenuity—the “unsinkable Titanic”—struck an iceberg in the North Atlantic about 1,000 miles east of Boston and almost due south of Newfoundland.

At 2:30 A.M. on the morning of April 15, 1912, this selfsame “unsinkable ship” vanished from human sight forever, as she started her final prow-first and absolutely vertical dive to the floor of the Atlantic, two miles below.

Then across the still, calm water arose one of the most horrible sounds ever heard by man. It went on for more than an hour; some say it continued for an hour and a half or even longer. One witness described it as “a vast moaning and wailing.”

Another, Col. Archibald Gracie, who wrote an excellent book titled *The Truth About the Titanic*, described it as “. . . the agonized cries of death from over a thousand throats, the walls and groans of the suffering, the shrieks of the terror-stricken and the awful gaspings for breath of those in the last throes of drowning.”

The Death of the Titanic was, in many ways, the most dramatic of all sea disasters. Certainly it was the most stupendous—excluding naval engagements—of all such catastrophes.

And it was full of unbelievable happenings, which made many pious observers wonder if the Hand of the Almighty had not been raised against those presumptuous men who had dared to call a ship “un-



Then across the calm, still water arose one of the most horrible sounds ever heard by men, a vast moaning and wailing, death cries from a thousand throats.

“unsinkable” and the gullible ones who had believed the proud boast.

One thousand five hundred and ninety-five persons drowned in the sinking of the Titanic; only 745 were saved.

DID the Captain of the Titanic—Mr. Edward J. Smith—blow out his brains on the ship’s bridge as she was sinking? Was the ship traveling at top speed despite iceberg warnings?

Could the lookout have seen the iceberg that sank the Titanic if he had been provided with binoculars? Was the rule “Women and children first” enforced? Were there incidents of great bravery and abject cowardice?

Here’s the true story, pieced together from many sources.

The Titanic was a much larger ship than we may be inclined to suppose offhand today. She was, in fact, almost as big as the present-day British “Queens”—483 feet long, 92 feet 6 inches beam, 175 feet from keel to funnel tops, with 11 steel decks.

She was staunchly constructed, with steel cross-beams and hull plates weighing as much as four tons.

She was driven by three propellers, actuated by steam from 28 boilers which in turn were heated by 129 furnaces.

Her maximum speed, at 78 propeller revolutions per minute, had been estimated at 21 knots.

In addition to being the largest and most costly

passenger ship ever built, the Titanic was also the heaviest and certainly the safest.

THE Titanic sailed from Southampton on Wednesday, April 10, and put in briefly at Cherbourg and Queenstown. Aboard were many famous celebrities, including philanthropist Isidor Straus and Mrs. Straus; Col. John Jacob Astor and his exquisite young wife; Benjamin Guggenheim; James Clinch Smith; John B. Thayer; George D. Widener; Henry B. Harris, the theatrical producer, and scores of others.

The weather on Sunday night was almost frighteningly calm and clear. The sea was as motionless as oil; the stars shone brilliantly; not a cloud was in sight.

The Titanic was already receiving Marconigrams warning of ice ahead, while the increased cold of the air was another warning. Early in the evening, the ship’s officers were warned to be on the watch for ice.

Yet, according to Quartermaster J. H. Moody in later testimony, the Titanic was stepping up her speed in an effort to smash the record for the crossing.

Several incidents occurred which might almost lead a superstitious person to believe that the ship was doomed by a Higher Power. At 9:50 P.M. the S. S. Mesaba wireless that she was encountering ice, including “great numbers of large icebergs.”

But the Titanic’s chief wireless operator did not

(Continued on page 62)



There were too few lifeboats for all. So only the women and children were allowed to leave.



I was in the living hell of a vicious drug habit—I needed expert help to break it

"I TOOK THE DRUG CURE"

By ANONYMOUS

EVERY pore in my body cried out for morphine.

My heart was thumping wildly. I felt it falter and miss a beat, was drenched in perspiration by the horrible fear that each beat would be the last.

Every nerve and fibre in my body seemed on fire. I jerked from head to foot. The unbearable agony sent me staggering around the room, banging my head, arms and legs against furniture and walls.

Inside my skull a million ham-

mers pounded harder and harder, until my head finally exploded in a blaze of dazzling, white-hot pain that drove me stark, raving mad.

Suddenly, the room was peopled with strange faces. Arms and legs held my thrashing body down. There was the salty taste of blood in my mouth as I bit into a wrist. Then blessed oblivion.

WHEN I awakened, I found myself in bed in a strange room. I couldn't move; my body was confined in a restraint sheet. I felt calm and relaxed.

A male nurse looked in, saw that my eyes were open and called the

All night long I twisted and turned, sleepless on my bed.

doctor. After taking my pulse, the medico sat on the edge of my bed.

"Can you hear me, son?" he asked gently.

I nodded.

"Do you know where you are?"

I shook my head.

"You're in the psychopathic ward of the city hospital," he announced. "Do you know why you're here?"

It all came back to me in a rush. That shabby room in a cheap hotel, and the discovery that I had run out of morphine. No more job, and no money to support a \$20-per-day habit.

The gaunt, haggard, terribly emaciated face with a three-days' growth of beard that stared back at me from the bathroom mirror.

It was then I decided to kick the habit.

I knew it wouldn't be easy, but it was much tougher than I thought. Long hours of depression and deep unhappiness, followed by



I was put on "rapid withdrawal" with less morphine—and more sedatives.

acute physical discomfort turning into severe pain.

I'd tried sleeping pills and whisky but they didn't help. The rest was a nightmare of torture far worse than any devised by the Inquisition or conjured up in Hell. . . .

"Morphine," I said weakly to the doctor. "I tried to get off the stuff."

"How long you been on it?"

"Nearly a year," I told him. It seemed incredible to me that in such a short time I should become so enslaved to a drug.

"How much of a habit do you have?"

"Six grains a day," I whispered.

He shook his head gravely.

"You've got a lot of guts to try to do it single-handed, son. It can't be done that way. Not when you've got so big a habit. Might kill you, or drive you to suicide."

He was telling me!

"Do you still want to break the

(Continued on page 42)



Every pore in my body cried out for morphine. I jerked from head to foot in unbearable agony. My heart thumped wildly.

Photo by professional model

Too Old To Fight

By GENE MITCHELL

FICTION

He had taken too many punches on the chin, the years had crept up too fast. But he did need money!

DOWN through the smoky haze toward the bright circle of light, Irish Bobby Brady made his way. The city arena was filled; filled with sweating bodies, cheap cigars, and raucous voices; filled with people who like to see two men slug each other until blood comes or oblivion descends on one.

Irish Bobby climbed into the ring wearily. There was no bounce to his movement; there was no eagerness in his heart for the conflict. He mitted the crowd without spirit; they gave him a half-hearted welcome.

A fat salesman in the first row, his well-padded face glistening with sweat, grunted to his neighbor. "Don't tell me we have to watch that punch-drunk palooka, Brady. I thought Young Sharkey was fighting tonight."

A wise old-timer (wise because he knew every boxer's record from John L. Sullivan to Joe Louis; otherwise, he knew nothing) broke in, "Don't sell Brady short. I saw him take Johnny Kane. He looked like a champion that night. I told him so, too; walked right up to his corner after the fight and told him so."

The salesman was louder and more contemptuous. "Holy Moses, Pop, that was ten years ago. Since that time he's stopped so many punches with his chin he thinks he's a ballet dancer."

A sailor looked at the fat man with disgust. "What do you know about it? You look like you couldn't go two rounds with your grandmother."

The salesman turned belligerently. The sailor looked hard and fit. His wrath died into a grumble. "All I know is I paid three bucks to see Young Sharkey and I have to look at a stumble-bum."

A blonde, who was just a little too blonde, spoke sweetly. "He must have been a handsome devil before he had his nose smashed."

Her escort, a sleek-looking businessman, smiled indulgently. "A typical woman. Sentimental. He was well paid for that smashed nose."

THE conversation was swept away in the roar that greeted Tony Martinelli as he bounded into the ring. He was wearing an expensive black dressing gown.

His comparatively unmarked face was cast in a pleasant smile. He almost danced over to Brady to shake hands.

The blonde gave a squeal of delight, her interest in Brady forgotten. She nudged her escort. "What a hunk of man!"

The salesman cupped his hands over his mouth. "Have you said your prayers, Brady?"

The old-timer was informing all around him who would listen: "I saw this boy Martinelli stop Eddie Moyer. He's got a left hook that reminds me of Jack Dempsey when Dempsey was good. And you can take it from me I saw Dempsey at his best. Yes sir, I picked this Martinelli as a comer three years ago. Everybody said I was crazy."

The sailor asked, "And were you?"

The old-timer looked perplexed. "Was I what?"

The sailor gave him a bored smile. "Crazy?"

The old-timer returned his attention to the ring.

A tuxedo-clad announcer with a face like an ape's was holding up his hands for silence. The rumble of conversation died away.

The announcer in his best cultured tones began, "Ladies and gentlemen—" He repeated it to make sure they heard.

He began again, "I regret to announce—" He repeated that also.

A voice broke in on him. "Aw, get along with it; you sound like a broken record."

THE announcer glared in the direction of the voice.

He continued without haste. "I regret to announce Young Sharkey will be unable to fight tonight."

A tumultuous chorus of boos swept the arena.

He was holding up his hands again. "I understand your displeasure but I'm sure you will forgive us when I tell you why the gallant young Sharkey asked to be excused." He paused for effect. "Young Sharkey's mother died this afternoon."

A hush fell over the crowd.

"Tough," the old-timer muttered.

"Isn't that sad?" the blonde said, lighting a cigarette.

The salesman, very manly, said, "That's one punch a guy can't take."

The announcer resumed: "Our prayers and our hearts go out to Young Sharkey tonight."

After a respectful moment, he turned toward Irish Bobby Brady's corner. "But the fight must go on. We have been able to secure the services of that veteran campaigner, that former contender for the middleweight crown, the great crowd-pleaser, none other than the Shamrock Kid, Irish Bobby Draddy!"

(Continued on page 50)



SUNKIST *Beauty* CONTEST



ALL THE LOVELY GIRLS you see here come from Southern California, where the girls are, on the average, better-looking than the girls of any other section of the country—with the possible exception of Texas. What better idea could there be, therefore, than to hold a Southern California beauty contest? Contest was limited to the small towns within an area of fifty miles around Los Angeles.



This girl was named "best photographic model." She's eighteen, goes to Hollywood High School.

Best foot forward, each contestant hopes she will win. All come from Southern California.



The girls tidy themselves up as the time for the contest draws near. Some two hundred girls took part in the show

Winner—Eve Bodine. A secretary, she's 22.
Her measurements: 35 bust, 24 waist, 35 hips.

Clorie Maxwell, Jene Ecklund and Carollee
Peterson. And in front is Elizabeth Bess.



ARE DIME-A-DANCE HALLS



Taxi dancers are on the boom once more. What goes on in these halls where the girls use every wile to lure the last dollar from a man?

Posed by professional models

To sit out with a girl at the bar costs a half hour's supply of tickets—or at least \$3.00.



Immoral?

By L. MACKAY PHELPS

WITH the rise of our armed forces climbing steadily, and defense industry booming, millions of American males are abruptly finding themselves in strange localities. Most of them are lonely, and lack female friends.

Simultaneously, most American cities are experiencing a revival of the "taxi-dance hall" with its bevy of "dime-a-dance girls."

There's no doubt that the average young man who is away from home, shy, in need of feminine companionship, feels strangely drawn to these places.

But what's the truth about taxi-dance halls, and the generally attractive girls whose job is to dance with all comers who have the financial wherewithal?

Is the following statement, which appears in the book *"The Taxi-Dance Hall"*, by Paul G. Cressey, a true picture of overall conditions concerning these places today?

"It has been indicated," Mr. Cressey writes, basing his conclusion on a comprehensive survey of taxi-dance halls in Chicago, "that a rationale of exploitation is apparently basic to the enterprise of the taxi-dance hall."

"Associated with it everywhere is the practice of the 'sex game' which serves to prepare the way psychologically for more serious misconduct. Prostitution and allied forms of immorality very naturally follow . . ."

Many serious charges have been leveled against taxi-dance halls. They have been called places which are primarily interested in extracting the last possible dime from the customer, with encouraging and even compelling the girls to use every wile—including promises of a "date later on"—to keep the male patron buying tickets, with inciting or at least permitting sexual and financial rivalries of a morale-destroying sort among the girls—and so on indefinitely.

Because of this controversy, MAN TO MAN asked the writer to survey the taxi-dance hall situation on a national basis. The statements of many managers, girls, and patrons have been obtained. Following are the facts.

(Continued on page 56)



Posed by professional models

The dance hall girl's job depends entirely upon how many tickets she turns in. It's up to her to lure men by every wile she knows.

THE BOXER WHO STARTED A SENATE INVESTIGATION

Many people think Harry Matthews got a bum deal. And it may take the U. S. Senate to fix up his boxing career

By CLEM BODDINGTON

HARRY MATTHEWS, a long-jawed light-heavyweight out of Seattle, Washington, took Madison Square Garden by storm early in March of 1951 when he body-punched his way to victory over a favored Irish Bob Murphy, the ex-sailor southpaw swinger from San Diego, California.

However, it took Matthews nineteen years of boxing, in which he had to be detoured from his original "style," to finally arrive at the Mecca of Swat in New York City.

The International Boxing Club, the biggest promotional organization in the world, reaching out to Chicago, Detroit, Omaha and St. Louis and with working agreements with Jack Solomons, the British promoter, and other fast promoters, had been building up Irish Bob Murphy as a stellar attraction, to use the verblage of the fight announcer.

Murphy had stopped rugged Dick Wagner and then knocked out the promising Jimmy Beau, but Matthews' record of 52 straight fights without a defeat could not be ignored by the International Boxing Club promoter and matchmaker.

After watching Harry draw Irish

Bob's leads, slip them, and then counter with both hands hard to the body, to punch the strength out of Murphy, the New York fans were amazed.

Here was a threat to Joey Maxim and the world's light-heavyweight crown worn by a more or less inactive Maxim.

When Matthews was side-tracked by the International Boxing Club's matchmaker in favor of his defeated opponent, Murphy, for the light-heavyweight title shot, not only thousands of fans but also Senator Harry Cain of Washington as well as other solons of the U. S. Senate became interested in the apparent



Senator Harry P. Cain, of the State of Washington, started the investigation into the runaround handed out to Harry Matthews.



When Harry drew Irish Bob's leads, slipped them, and then countered with both hands hard to the body, all the New York fans were amazed.

run-around which had been given Matthews by the powers-that-be in the I.B.C.

THE legislators were so interested, in fact, that they appointed a committee to begin an investigation of the International Boxing Club and other boxing promoters.

Late in September and during October of last year, investigators for the Senate Committee quizzed numerous managers of fighters, handlers, boxers and other characters associated with what is called, euphemistically, "the fight game."

These sleuths were seen in Stillman's Gymnasium, where the majority of the boxers train in New York City.

George Gainsford, manager of middleweight champion Ray Robinson, was one of the pilots of fighters who was questioned.

He admitted that his champion had a contract with the I.B.C. calling for the exclusive services of Ray Robinson, but he said that he and Ray had not ad-

hered too closely to the letter of the contract when it did not suit their purposes.

It was pointed out, however, by one of the investigators that Robinson had not defended his title for a promoter not connected with the I.B.C.

A manager of another boxer observed that what Robinson did was one thing, but what a Harry Matthews, who wasn't a champion, did was another thing, and another fighter's pilot said:

"Why should I speak out and bite the hand that feeds my meat ticket (boxer)?"

In the early stages of the investigation, it was only to be expected that the managers would be cagey about sounding off to "a stranger."

Jack Hurley, the be-spectacled and soft-spoken manager of Harry Matthews, was not and is not one of those who takes dictation. He is a veteran who, in all probability, could cause many lifted eyebrows in the august United States Senate were he to "tell all."

Shortly after his boy Matthews had defeated Murphy
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I think nudists are the most moral people in the world. We don't need to wear clothes to be moral.



Nudists, both male and female, go about together in groups—without the slightest embarrassment.



We enjoy all kinds of healthy exercise in the nude. We think exercise is best when no clothes are worn.



At all nudist camps both sexes play together and bethe together. Their nakedness is never noticed.

Why I am A

A REVEALING FIRST PERSON ACCOUNT OF WHAT MAKES

By MARY PHILLIPS

I AM 24 years old, single and attractive. My height of 5 feet 7 inches, 37½ inch bust, 26 inch waist and 36 inch hips make me a perfect clothes horse.

I model evening gowns for a living, and look well enough in them to arouse the wolf in every male buyer in the country.

If you don't believe it, you ought to hear them while at me. Or better yet, see how they behave when they get me out on a date.

But most evenings I don't wear an evening dress. Or any other clothes, for that matter.

You see, I am a naturist—a practicing nudist. My evenings generally are spent in the company of other nudists, male and female.

We visit with each other, talk, play cards and dance together like any other young people. Except that we don't wear any clothes.

During the summer I spend my weekends at a nud-

ist camp. I take my vacations there, too. I enjoy nude sunbathing, mixed swimming and naked participation in sports like tennis and volley ball.

I revel in the sensation of warm sunlight and fresh, invigorating air on my naked, clean skin.

And nobody ever whistles at me there!

There's been a lot of ridiculous nonsense written about nudists. Uninformed people call us "exhibitionists," "pagans," "immoral" and worse.

They say we practice free love, exchange husbands and wives, go in for promiscuous sex orgies, etc. They accuse us of being Communists or just plain "crackpots."

As a matter of fact, we're the most moral people in the world. Moral, but not narrow-minded. Sure, we're interested in sex. Sex is natural. But our interest is a robust, healthy, wholesome one.

Today, there are nearly a million men, women and children in this country who practice nudism. It's time somebody wrote an honest article about them, telling why they are nudists.

NUDIST

THOSE NUDISTS GO ABOUT NAKED

Since nobody else has done it (except for nudist publications) I'll try.

LIKE everybody else, I was born in the nude. Unlike others, however, life in the raw continued for me throughout my childhood. My parents were nudists, and they brought up their children—two girls and a boy—to have a healthy regard for the human body, in its natural state.

We were the only nudists in our town. Outwardly we behaved exactly like our neighbors. We went to the same schools, churches and movies; we worked, played and prayed with them. Like them we wore proper clothes in public, and conformed in every way.

But as soon as we came into the privacy of our own home, it was our custom to divest ourselves of all our clothing and walk naked and unashamed about the house the rest of the evening. Unless, of course, we had company.

Mother cooked dinner in the nude, we sat at the

(Continued on page 44)



Both men and women actively participate in every kind of outdoor sports, and do them better naked.



Enemy killed in battle were always eaten. As enemy dead were gathered from the battlefield, a festive feast was prepared.

THE *Truth* ABOUT *Cannibals*

By SANFORD BENIS

The eating of human flesh
was a wide-spread custom
among some savage tribes



The Fijians rejoiced at a shipwreck on their islands. Sailors were roasted, although flesh of whites was thought too salty.

CANNIBALISM was officially discovered by the Spaniards, who noticed the practices of a tribe living among the islands of the Caribbean Sea.

These Caribs, or "Caribals" as they were later called, gave rise to the term we use today.

Explorers returning to Europe described the Caribs as quiet, calm, and sedentary, given up to idleness and daydreams, and eaters of human flesh.

According to one report, it was the missionaries who worked the deliverance of the Caribs from the stigma of cannibalism, though not chiefly by the influence of teachings.

Specifically, the Caribs were cured of their appetites by devouring a Dominican monk.

"They fell sick of him," stated a historian, "and would no longer eat either priest or layman."

In combining humor and truth, such stories added to the general credibility that cannibals and cannibalism were not quite real.



Human flesh was generally baked, sometimes roasted, as above. (Below) Iron pot, of cartoon fame, was never used by tribes.

Even now there is something instantly terrible and ridiculous in the thought of man eating man. Early sea-going men, who should have known the actual state of affairs, joined with the rest in giving cannibalism a lusty strain.

Songs, stories, and today's cartoons continue to reveal our indulgent state-of-mind toward the cannibal.

YET most of them are not the cartoon kind. They are serious people with a serious purpose. They are not only real; they once occupied a good portion of the earth's surface.

The practice has been slowly reduced, but even today it exists among South American tribes, in West Equatorial and Central Africa, in the Malay Archipelago, the South Sea Islands, and in parts of Australia.

More impressive than the areas were the varieties of cannibalism. Originating mainly from hunger, cannibalism was later pursued for reasons of religion, hate, affection, and for the mere pleasure of eating human flesh.

Revenge or hate offered one of the most persistent motives for cannibalism. The cannibal could think



of no more satisfactory method for the expression of this hate than that he should calmly eat an enemy he had killed.

The insult, "I will roast thee," was the most terrible a Samoan could receive. Roasting was the proper culmination of an argu-

ment, and the most pleasant of pictures a cannibal remembered was the cooking and consumption of a former hated enemy.

CANNIBALISM was not at all confined to the eating of men-
(Continued on page 60)

IS THERE A "Supernatural STRENGTH"?

By EDGAR WILLIAMS

ARTICLE

Some people have a weird, uncanny strength. Is this a proof of the real power of Mind over matter?

ON the morning of February 23, 1885, the first of a series of incidents occurred in the prison yard at Exeter, England, that to this day have not been explained in terms of orthodox science.

A prisoner, John Lee, was about to be hanged for the murder of an elderly woman whose property Lee had hoped to inherit.

In the presence of many witnesses, including several reporters, Lee was led up the steps of the scaffold and placed on the trap.

The noose, with its symbolical thirteen loops, was adjusted about his neck and under his ear so as to snap his spinal column when the trap fell. The black hood was placed over his face.

The warders stepped back, and the Sheriff of Exeter Prison gave the signal to release the trap by drawing the restraining bolt. The bolt was pulled free—and by all the laws of gravity the trap should have slammed down, dropping John Lee a matter of eight feet or so to a quick and painless death.

But the trap, supported by hinges on one side and by nothing visible on the other—now that the bolt was drawn—refused to swing down! It merely remained motionless, just as though the bolt were still in place.

Examination revealed that the bolt was not engaging the trap in any way, while tests a few minutes before the hour set for the hanging had proved that the hinges worked freely.

Yet Lee stood there on a trap that was supported on one side by nothing.

After some fussing by the prison carpenter with the

bolt, John Lee was finally taken back to his cell and the execution was postponed until the trouble could be corrected.

But examination of the mechanism revealed that there was no trouble. The bolt was shot, and a warder stood on the trap, grasping the noose in his hands.

The bolt was drawn, and the trap promptly fell, leaving the warder swinging by his hands on the end of the rope.

For the second time, they tried to hang John Lee. And again the trap refused to swing down as the bolt was drawn. They took Lee back to his cell, and the carpenter planed around all the edges of the scaffold floor on all four sides.

For the third time they tried to hang John Lee. Again the trap refused to swing down. Then, defeated, the British Government commuted the sentence to life imprisonment, and Lee actually spent 24 years in prison, finally being freed in 1907.

WHAT was the secret of Lee's amazing immunity to execution, which gained him the title of "The Murderer Who Could Not Be Hanged?"

Through the exercise of some amazing form of will-power, was Lee actually able to successfully command the trap not to fall?

Is there a supernatural protective power that can be tapped at will by those persons who know its secret—which may be simply by "willing hard enough?" Is there a "faith that moves mountains"—as the Bible says?

There is a great deal of evidence that such a power exists. If so, it explains countless legends of persons who possessed "supernatural strength"—Samson, Achilles, and many others.

And now evidence is beginning to accumulate that this force may be tapped by all men, at will, rather than erratically and spasmodically by a few.

In recent experiments at Duke University, the existence of psychokinesis—control of mind over inanimate matter—has already been demonstrated beyond doubt in exhaustive tests, which indicated that almost all people can influence, by thought alone, the fall of "coins, chips, discs and dice."

If psychokinesis is a latent power in most of us—

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MAN TO MAN,

She's A Sweetheart

POSING FOR YOU in this issue of MAN TO MAN is lovely June Cornhill, a local California girl who is now a model and who wants someday to appear as a musical comedy actress. Perhaps these pages will be her first step.



June Cornhill stands five feet, six inches high.



June is a brunette, with sparkling brown eyes.



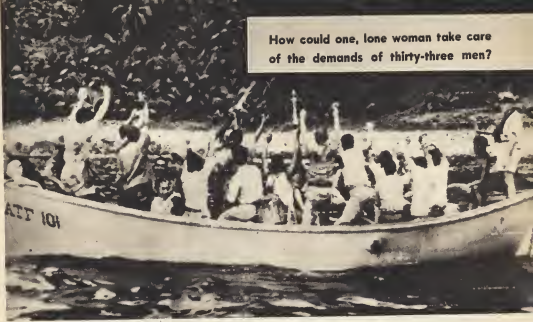
You'd never guess it, but June weighs just a neat 120 pounds.



Junji Inoue, Jap hold-out, a leader of the 33 who were seven years on a desert island.



Note clothes of the seven-year castaways, stitched together from nylon parachutes.



How could one, lone woman take care of the demands of thirty-three men?

All that were left of 33! The 19 surrendering Japanese wave as they leave their isolated stronghold aboard a Navy whaleboat.

33 MEN-AND 1 WOMAN-

By JOEL CHARLES

WHAT happens when 33 men are marooned on a remote desert island with one lone female? This provocative question was answered last June when the last defenders of the one-time Japanese Empire were evacuated from a tiny island in the middle of the Pacific.

For seven long years they had held off would-be rescuers with machine-gun and rifle fire. They couldn't believe that Nippon had been defeated, and so refused to surrender.

During this time six of their number met violent death in fights over a 29-year-old Japanese woman, the only female on the island. Eight others mysteriously disappeared.

Many more undoubtedly would have shared the fate of these unlucky 14, except that the too-popular female decided this was no place for a lady, and made her escape.

Letters from home, dropped on the island by plane, finally convinced the survivors that the war was

over. They emerged from their dense jungle lair, and were taken off by a waiting U. S. Navy craft.

En route home they told officers one of the most unusual sagas in the entire history of the sea.

IT began in 1944, with a Japanese convoy slowly steaming southward some 1,000 miles from Japan. The vessels were loaded with supplies and ammunition for Imperial outposts in the Pacific.

Suddenly, high in the sky above them appeared a flight of U. S. planes. One by one, the planes peeled off and dived upon the ships, hurling bombs and raking the decks with machine-gun fire.

The convoy dispersed in confusion, leaving three small vessels gutted and burning, their crews struggling in the shark-infested waters. Later that day 33 exhausted survivors dragged themselves ashore on one of the innumerable little islands that make up the Mariana chain.

Known as Anatahon, it is only five miles long and two miles wide, damp and hot, covered with dense tropical jungle.

The only other inhabitants on this islet were a

Japanese named Higa, who had operated a lonely copra collecting station here for several years, and his wife Mrs. Kanuko Higa.

Glad to have company, the Higas made their compatriots welcome. They told the sailors that no ship had touched at the island for more than six months.

With the Americans on the offensive in the Pacific, and increasing air activity, no ship was likely to come for some time. They would have to make the best of it, and live off the island's natural resources.

THE castaways built themselves comfortable huts thatched with palm fronds. They managed to get along on a diet of coconuts, bananas, sweet potatoes and mangoes, supplemented by bats, lizards, crabs, sharks and other fish.

From the wreckage of an American B-29 that had crashed on the island they made themselves aluminum pots, pans and eating utensils.

The plane's parachutes provided them with nylon, which they stitched into clothing to replace their worn and tattered garments.

(Continued on page 39)

ON A DESERT ISLAND



Back at last in Japan, the survivors look little the worse for their long isolation.



You don't have to go to Hell to see this devil dance, just to a nite spot where Jean appears.

DEVIL *Dance*

Jean tries to look like the devil in this unique dance.



Jean Gemay originated this Devil Dance routine so she could be hot without the necessity of taking off all her clothes.

IT'S SURE hotter than Hades, this torrid and sensational dance that glamorous Jean Gemay is offering on the night club circuit this season. Called "Devil Dance," the scorching little number, created by Jean herself, has won acclaim—and money—

wherever she has performed it. Jean Gemay, one of the country's top strippers, worked out the devilish routine based on the most modern of dances. The reason for the act is that (for once) the lovely Jean wanted to look hot without stripping off her clothes.

Why Did You Kill Me?

By VOLNEY LACY

FICTION

I fixed Blackie's clock one stormy, night; but it wouldn't stay fixed!

I COULD never have settled my score with Blackie as I did if it hadn't been for my contempt of the seaman's inherent superstition.

My conscience was clear, and it only remained to execute my plan without being seen. In this I succeeded. Of that I am certain, even now.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. The beginning was on the day Blackie Burns joined the ship I had been sailing on for six months, the tanker *Aruban Night*.

On that day we met, and on that day our feud began. And a feud between two men at sea can never be taken lightly.

A fight is almost inevitable. Sometimes it's bad. A knife is pulled. A wrench is swung. A beer bottle is broken and a jagged weapon comes into play. Or it's the way it was when Blackie and I at last had it out. . . .

We were both able bodied seamen. Certified A.B.'s. But Blackie figured he was better than anybody else. He knew all about splicing cables, and pumping out, and navigation. He was going to get a license. Be a mate.

We tangled that very first day when he tried to butt in and show me how to run a new line through a pair of three-sheave blocks. I told him I could do without his help, and then he said I was doing it all wrong. I got mad and told him to get the hell away from me. That was when he called me a punk.

This sort of thing went on and on, day after day, trip after trip. It got so after a while that I couldn't stand being on the same ship with him.

When we finally tangled in a Colon dive and he broke my nose and cracked two of my ribs, I knew I'd have to get him.

I waited. I knew when the time would be right.

IT WAS a miserable night off Cape Hatteras. A heavy sea was running, and the wind whipped the salt-wet decks unmercifully. Every now and then, when the bow dipped deep, the seas would come crashing over the well decks.

Blackie had come in for coffee while I sat there at the P. O. table reading a pocket book. The time was 2 A.M. There was no one else in the messroom.

Not a word passed between us, and in a few minutes Blackie went out by way of the poop deck.

I moved after him like a panther stalking its prey. Blackie was my prey. He had made life miserable for me, and now the time had come to settle the score.

"What do you want?" Blackie said, spinning about as I stepped up behind him.

"I'm fixing your clock, Blackie. Now. For good."

He looked at me hard for a moment. Then he gave me a shove with his forearm and said, "Out of my way, punk. I'm busy."

That was when I let him have it. I spun him around by the shoulder so as not to hit him from behind and gave it to him in the teeth, hard.

He went down without a sound and lay still on the wet, steel deck. I don't think I would have had to use the piece of pipe I'd tucked under my belt, but I wasn't taking any chances.

I didn't waste any time. I had him up off the deck and over the rail into the sea within half a minute after I'd flattened him. Then I went below and turned into my bunk.

I was sure no one had seen me. A man usually senses when he's been seen. I felt secure in my secret.

By the time I came on watch at 4 o'clock in the morning, word was out that Blackie had disappeared in midwatch.

The consensus of opinion was that he'd been hit by a sea and carried overboard as he was crossing the catwalk. The second mate recalled we had taken some pretty good ones about that time.

THAT day there was a lot of talk about Blackie.

But by sundown it was old news and the usual routine at sea had been resumed.

But when I came on watch the next morning I heard the second mate pass a remark to the chief mate that gave me a start.

"You know, mate," he said, "I got a sneaking hunch Blackie's still aboard."

If it had been daylight, I believe they would have seen the blood drain out of my face. I should have laughed up my sleeve, but somehow I couldn't.

There was something very about hearing a statement like that about a guy I knew was at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. I kept my ears open for the rest of the conversation.

"What gives you, that idea?" the mate said.

"Well, I'm not sure, but I think I saw him come out of the 'ween deck about an hour ago. But then maybe I'm taking shadows too seriously."

"Spooks," the mate chuckled.

I had to keep a tight pucker string then or it would have been too bad. Such talk made me feel sick,

(Continued on page 38)



Schneider



Americans consume half of all the coffee which is produced in the world, and suffer from more nervous disorders than any other nationalities. (Below) A case of acute caffeine poisoning can cause an extreme agitation and terrible agony.



ARTICLE

COFFEE CAN POISON YOU

By HUGO von SCHONFELD

The caffeine in coffee, tea and in cola drinks and chocolate bars is a strong drug and may injure not only your nerves but your general health

KARL OLSON was scared stiff. He was having another of those attacks. This time he would see the doctor and learn the worst.

In a state of extreme nervous agitation, he was barely able to mumble a few words to the boss, find the elevator and hail a cab when he got outside the building.

His head was splitting. It felt like an over-ripe melon which would crack open at the thump of a finger. But that was nothing compared to the agony he had in every nerve of his body.

It was like hundreds of thousands of wires all stretched to the breaking point. Even more alarming, if possible, was what had happened to his vision. He could see only the left half of anything in front of him.

"How much coffee do you drink?" the doctor asked. "Eight, ten, twelve cups a day, I guess," Karl answered. "I don't know. I don't count them. Why?"

"That's about what I thought. It's a plain case of acute caffeine poisoning.

"Lay off the coffee for awhile and you'll be all right. That is until you over-step again. The caffeine in coffee can be a far worse poison than alcohol. I'll have to give you a sedative to calm your nerves.

"Your vision should become normal in about half an hour. That's nothing but a kind of spasm of the optic nerves induced by over-stimulation. The eyes are very sensitive to caffeine."

KARL was lucky in his doctor. Not one in 50 would have been able to spot his trouble so readily, or would have known what to do about it.

This isn't so much a reflection on the medical profession as it is of our ignorance about the properties of one of the most insidious poisons freely consumed by mankind. It is only in the last few years that the



Examining stomachs of the dogs treated with caffeine, surgeons found huge ulcers.

active ingredients of the coffee bean have been brought under intensive study by qualified physiologists.

And even today, the best chemists working on the problem confess that they are far from having unravelled the complexities of the chemical make-up of the little berry which provides our most popular brew.

Americans consume about half of all the coffee produced. This may be one reason why we are afflicted with more nervous disorders than any other people.

The nervous tension of life in these United States is a subject for comment from anyone who comes to see us. By comparison, we are told, life anywhere else is calm and placid.

HOWEVER that may be, it is certain that as a people we are far and away the world's most pronounced addicts of that potent and poisonous drug caffeine. Coffee is perhaps the worst offender. But we get the drug in many other forms—all the cola drinks, tea, cocoa, chocolate bars.

A ten-cent chocolate bar, for example, contains almost as much caffeine as a good strong cup of coffee. A large glass of cola drink at the soda fountain comes close to that. A cup of tea or hot chocolate are not

far behind in their ability to undermine the nervous system.

But recent studies have proven conclusively that more than nerves are involved. The full story of the toll exacted by our careless use of beverages and foods containing caffeine hasn't yet been written.

But already we know it is responsible for gastric ulcers, indigestion, irritable heart, high blood pressure, skin eruptions, headaches—and just plain nervous jitters.

IN contrast to alcohol, caffeine is a true drug. That is, it is one of the few medically accepted stimulants. Alcohol, on the other hand, is a narcotic or hypnotic. It gives the illusion of stimulation by inhibiting the controls which normally keep behavior in bounds.

Under the stimulation of the exotic drug first cultivated in Arabia and later the favorite drink of the non-alcoholic Turks, the human organism works at higher tempo—a kind of abuse which always exacts its penalty, sooner or later.

Almost since the Western world discovered this Arabian beverage a little more than three centuries

(Continued on page 38)

SHAPE in the GRASS

PRETTY LINDA WILLIAMS is a Colorado Springs girl who has gone Hollywood and become a starlet. On television, you've seen her on the Pinky Lee Comedy Show over NBC channels. She likes to get away from the bright lights every once in a while and poses for photographers out in the woods and tall grass. She thinks she looks best in natural settings.



Linda is 22 years old, and she weighs 118 pounds.



She stands (when standing) five feet, five and one half inches in bare feet.



Linde's figure measurements are: Bust, 35 inches; waist, 24 and hips 35 inches.

WHY DID YOU KILL ME?

(Continued from page 32)

ridiculous as I knew it to be. These guys could joke about it because they weren't convinced Blackie was really gone.

To them, it was only half-mystery. But to me it was terrifying. It couldn't be Blackie, I told myself over and over. And yet I was not sure.

Something was happening, and I was afraid. I stood my trick at the wheel with qualms. I was afraid of every black shadow in the wheel house.

IT WAS almost time for the other 14-to-8 A.B. to relieve me for coffee when I heard an exclamation from the mate, who stood on the port wing of the bridge.

I heard him call out, "Blackie, is that you down there?"

My stomach collapsed, and something I never would have believed happened. My sphincter failed me. I broke into a sweat. I became sick. Then the mate was in the wheelhouse beside me.

"Say, I believe the second mate's right," he said. "I swear I just saw Blackie cross the foredeck and disappear under the catwalk. This morning I'm going to have the bosun search the ship. Blackie is either up to something or he's gone off his nut."

My relief came in then, and I hurried aft. The first signs of daybreak had begun to streak the

eastern horizon, and that brought some small relief.

But I was badly shaken. My old boast that I didn't believe in the superstitions of the sea had been thrown back into my face.

THAT evening we went through Windward Pass, and when I came on watch again we were well out in the Caribbean. The sky was splashed with stars, and I felt easier of mind and conscience.

But I hadn't been at the wheel half an hour when the mate came over to me and said, "Take a run up to the bow and see what's the matter with that lookout. I can't raise him on the telephone."

I didn't like the idea at all and went only with greatest reluctance. Under my breath I cursed the lookout for probably falling asleep.

But when I got up to the fo'c's'head there was no one there. A T-shirt and a white cap lay on the deck, mute and ghostly.

It made me jittery and I turned to go back across the catwalk to the midships house.

"Not so fast," a voice commanded.

It was a strange muffled sound, like a voice in a cavern, and I had no idea where it came from. I stood welded to the deck, speechless, terrified.

"You thought you were done with me, didn't you?" the voice went on in a hoarse whisper. "But I fooled you."

"Blackie," I gasped, "the ghostly voice asked."

"I'm sorry, Blackie, I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself. I hated you."

"This is the end of the line for you, you lousy punk. You know that, don't you?"

I FOUND my legs then and started to run wildly back toward the midships house. But something unseen caught me by the legs and I fell flat on my face. I let out such a scream as I'd never thought myself capable of.

Before I could pick myself up, the captain and the second mate were standing over me. The skipper was covering me with an automatic, while the second mate coiled up a piece of line that had been drawn across the catwalk.

"You did do it then?" the captain said. "You heaved Blackie over the side the other night off Hatteras."

"I suspected him from the beginning," the second mate said. "Blackie done told me he thought the punk was out to get him. They never did hit it off."

I sat up and glared resentfully at the second mate. The fear was gone out of me now.

"So the chief mate and I cooked up this little ghost story," he continued. "The punk here fell for it like a dropped boom."

The captain chuckled. "The best part was talking through the hawsepipe from the chain locker. A very spooky effect."

"That reminds me," the second mate said. "I better tell that lookout to come out of there now. Probably still sleeping."

"Yes," the skipper said. "Then break out another sailor. This man must be kept locked up under armed guard."

And that's where I am now. Locked up in the 'tween deck. When the ship gets to Aruba I'll be turned over to the authorities. The joke's on me, I've got to admit. But it's a cinch I'll never believe in a ghost again.

THE END

COFFEE

(Continued from page 35)

ago, it has been known that it was a strong stimulant of heart and circulatory activity, of cerebral acuity and of kidneys and bladder.

It remained for modern research techniques to uncover more the subtle effects of over-indulgence.

As to its responsibility for that painful and typically American affliction of gastric ulcers, one of the first full-scale investigations was conducted at the Medical School of the University of Minnesota.

WITH dogs as his experimental animals, Dr. Edward S. Judd demonstrated conclusively that nearly half of them developed stomach ulcers when continuously dosed with caffeine. When his results were published in the medical and technical journals a few years back, others began experimenting.

At Northwestern University, two top physiologists quickly confirmed



"Now why didn't I think of that?"

the Judd results. They were Dr. J. A. Roth and Dr. A. C. Ivy. Using human "guinea pigs" this time, the investigators came out with reports somewhat less startling, but still revolutionary.

A group of university students was persuaded to swallow a rubber tube at periodic intervals. Various liquids were sent down the tubes, care being taken to prevent the students from knowing by odor or otherwise just what. The tubes also made it possible to take samples of the stomach contents.

It was found that in about 10 per cent of the subjects, caffeine produced prolonged stimulation of gastric acids which in turn caused ulcer symptoms. In fact, one of the "guinea pigs" came down with real ulcers, as revealed by X-rays.

"Caffeine is not harmful for everyone," this team of investigators concluded. "In a few susceptible persons, on the other hand, it is a subtle and treacherous poison."

ROTH and Ivy had done their own experimenting with dogs before they recruited their student victims. Using less delicate methods than would be tolerated by the boys and girls, they proved one more point. Increase of acids in the stomach from doses of caffeine is not due to direct irritation of the sensitive membranes of the stomach. The drug was administered by injection into body muscle. Contained in their reports of what they observed through their gastroscopes was the following:

"Immediately after intravenous injections of caffeine, the inner lining of the dog's stomach became red and engorged, and then turned a sickly dusky purple—obviously an unhealthy condition."

So much for caffeine and ulcers. Now a quick once-over of the even more serious effects of over-indulgence in the most popular beverage in the world. They range from many deaths directly traceable to over-stimulation of the heart to nerve lesions which cause permanent palsy.

MUCH of the harm done by excessive indulgence in coffee has been traced to chemicals in the coffee bean other than caffeine. These include caffeic acid, various oils and vitamins, particularly nicotinic acid.

Exhaustive research on the effects of coffee carried out under the direction of Dr. H. L. Hollingsworth have lately conclusively

proven that stimulation is much more prolonged than previously believed.

For instance, impairment of steadiness of the hand was most pronounced three or four hours after a moderate dose of caffeine had been administered. Intellectual stimulation was found to carry over even to the next day.

MOST of the authorities hold that five cups of coffee a day is about the maximum the normal individual can tolerate without harmful results.

It is a matter of common knowledge that highly nervous individuals, least able to stand it, are the ones who most often exceed this limit.

One surprising result of recent investigations of this tricky stimulant and poison was the discovery that the excessive coffee drinker

requires more sleep because of his over-indulgence. The explanation seems to be that undue strain on the nervous system must be compensated for by additional rest. If it isn't, a crackup is in the making.

While there are great variations among individuals as to the amount of caffeine they can consume without seriously undermining health, recent studies are convincing on the score that Americans get far too much of it in one form or another.

Some of the authorities go so far as to insist that even a little is too much. All of those best qualified to speak now regard the drug as one of the most insidious and treacherous known to man.

If you have been nervous and irritable lately, with a jumpy stomach, better give a thought to cutting down your intake of caffeine.

THE END

33 MEN AND 1 WOMAN

(Continued from page 29)

In short, it wasn't too bad an existence. They kept a crude calendar, marked with charcoal, and celebrated holidays with a potent alcoholic beverage made from coconut palms.

The Americans 65 miles south on Saipan didn't bother them, and the war seemed far away. One day soon it would be over, they thought, and they would return home as heroes.

Thus two years passed. They had no radio, and no other means of communication with the outside world. So they didn't know that the war had ended in defeat for Japan, and that their own families long since had given them up for dead.

In 1946 Higa, the copra collector, took to his bed with a fever. Within a few days he was dead. And then the trouble started.

BY Japanese standards, Mrs. Higa was a very attractive woman, with regular features and soft brown eyes. She had a voluptuous figure, with the right kind of curves in the right places.

Although the tropical air was heavily surcharged with sex, as long as her husband was alive she wasn't molested. The Japanese are a very moral people, and to them adultery is a serious crime.

But Higa's body scarcely had

time to grow cold before the woman-hungry sailors began chasing the newly-bereaved widow all over the place. And on such a small island there isn't much room to run.

Finally, in desperation she appealed to Captain Ishida, skipper of one of the wrecked vessels, for protection.

To save her from being torn limb from limb, and to settle rivalries, he ordered her to marry one of the crew members.

The lucky man was chosen by lot, and Ishida performed the marriage ceremony. Nobody seemed very happy about this arrangement except the new bridegroom—and he wasn't happy long.

A few weeks later he went out fishing, and failed to return. Searchers found his body in three feet of water; he had mysteriously drowned.

Immediately, the lecherous foot-race started all over again. Again Mrs. Higa appealed to Captain Ishida, lots were drawn, and another marriage ceremony celebrated.

The hut of the newly-weds was festively decorated with palm fronds, and everybody got drunk on home-made sake. But it was observed that many of the men grumbled, and cast covetous glances at the shapely bride.

Several weeks later her third

mate was found dead in the jungle. His head had been bashed in with a rock.

THIS time there was no question of another marriage. A tough 26-year-old sailor stepped forward and announced that the men would share the woman.

She would belong temporarily to anyone strong enough to take her and hold off all competition.

He was supported by several crew mates, who backed him up with rifles and two machine guns, the only modern weapons on the island.

In the next four years, four men died in fights over the seductive Kazuko Higa. Eight others disappeared, never to be seen again.

During this period the woman at one time or another shared the hut of every one of the shipwrecked sailors—including the officers.

Polyandry—a system in which a woman is married to several men at the same time—has been known in many primitive societies where there is a shortage of females.

Cases of it have been noted among the Eskimos, in Tibet, Madagascar, the Malay Peninsula, the South Sea Islands, and in many other parts of the world.

Isolated from civilization by the circumstances of war, with but one female among them, the remaining Japanese on Anatahon reverted to this barbaric form of concubinage.

IN 1946, the U. S. Navy learned of the castaways of Anatahon Island and sent a small vessel to take them off. As the landing party pulled for the shore it was met by determined machine-gun and rifle fire.

The defenders, believing that the long-awaited invasion was on, split up into small fighting units to repel it.

Rather than risk unnecessary loss of life, the Americans returned to their ship and steamed off, leaving the remnants of the Imperial Navy in ignorant but blissful possession of their island Paradise.

Several times during the following years passing U. S. Navy vessels turned their loudspeakers on the island and broadcast in the Japanese language the news that the war was over. Their only answer was the defiant bark of rifles and the chatter of machine guns.

Japanese newspapers dropped on the fortress by plane met with the same result. The sailors had been too well-indoctrinated to fall for any "Yankee tricks."

The first break in this "last battle of World War II" came in 1950, when Mrs. Higa managed to steal away in a crude boat built by her plural spouses and escape to a U. S. Navy craft cruising off-shore. Taken back to Japan, she sobbed out her sad story to sympathetic officials.

"I couldn't stand it any more," she wept. "It's impossible for one woman to take care of the demands of 19 men."

RELATIVES of the 19 survivors were notified, and directed to write letters begging them to give up their futile resistance. To authenticate these messages, family photographs were enclosed.

On June 8, 1951, more than 200 of these letters were dropped on the island by a U. S. plane, together with a printed leaflet signed by Japanese officials, ordering the men to lay down their weapons.

Early on the morning of June 30, a U. S. landing craft cautiously nosed in toward the island.

Glasses scanned the rocky beach and probed far into the lush foliage.

Suddenly the palm fronds shook violently, and 19 Japanese emerged into the sunlight. Displaying a large white flag, they raised their arms high in the air in token of surrender.

When the Navy landed, the Nipponese bowed respectfully to Lieut. Commander J. B. Johnson, in charge of "Operation Removal." Their ranking officer, Captain Katsusaburo Utsi, stepped forward and apologized:

"These ignorant people are sorry to have caused so much trouble to the Americans. Six years have passed since the surrender of Japan, but we did not know. We are very sorry."

Many of them were even sorrowful when they finally got home. Believing the long-absent men dead, their wives had long since remarried.

THE END

PARADISE OF PROSTITUTES

(Continued from page 6)

peddled their wares openly on the street. Their usual approach was to bump into a soldier and ask him for a light for their cigarette.

That was the only way, in the blackout, they could let their prospective customers see what they looked like.

They puffed up their cigarette and then came the time-worn question, "Would you like to come with me?" Simple, direct, to the point. They didn't make any pretense, didn't wait to be picked up.

There was too much competition and the night was too short. They had to find customers, take their money and get rid of them as soon as possible, and then go looking for new customers.

It may sound incredible to anyone who hasn't seen Piccadilly Circus in operation, but the prostitutes were so numerous that you had to sidestep to get around them.

They took your hand or your arm, pinched you, asked for cigarettes or lights—anything to attract attention before one of their competitors stopped you.

BUT some of the ladies of easy virtue set up shop in the gin-

mills in preference to roaming the streets. One of their favorite hang-outs was a cheap walk-up dive just off Piccadilly.

They called the joint a membership club and charged about \$2.50 for a membership card. The only drinks they served were watered Scotch and rotgut gin, doling it out in false-bottomed jiggers at about twice the lawful ceiling price.

However, there were other attractions at the club—blonde, brunette, redhead. They draped themselves over the bar and sat at the tables, sipping up liquor the soldiers bought for them.

The only girl in the place that wasn't a prostitute was the pianist, a colored girl who knew most of the filthy songs ever written and sang them all in a loud rasping voice.

One of the regulars at the club was a girl named Ginevra. She was married to an Air Force gunner, and she took pride in telling the story of her life and how she got married.

Ginevra had jet-black hair, a swarthy complexion, and a gold tooth in front. She was originally

from the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean, and had been in Paris when the Germans overran the Maginot Line and flooded through France.

A short time later, the Germans rounded her up, along with hundreds of other screaming girls, and forced her into prostitution for their troops.

She was held as a virtual prisoner in an apartment building, allowing only the freedom of the roof for sunbathing when she didn't have a line of *herrenvolk* waiting outside her door.

AFTER more than two years of this, Ginevra managed to escape with the help of a German trooper. She lived with an old French couple for a while, and then made the perilous journey through France to the Pyrennes and over into Spain. A year later she arrived in England after stowing away on a boat.

In London, without working papers or business training, Ginevra went into the only thing she knew—the business the Germans had forced upon her. She became a prostitute.

A few months later, she met an American soldier on leave. At first, he was just another customer, but before his weekend pass was over they fell in love, and he went AWOL and lived with Ginevra for over a month before the MP's caught him.

They took him back to his bomber base near Norwich and threw him in the guardhouse for a long stretch for going over the hill.

After a few weeks of this he decided that he loved Ginevra enough to marry her, and he proposed by mail.

She came up to his base, the commanding officer let the soldier out of the guardhouse, and the base chaplain performed the ceremony.

The bride and groom enjoyed their nuptial kiss, and then the groom went back to the guardhouse while the bride returned to London to take up her business where she had left off.

At first, this reporter thought that Ginevra's story was just a lot of hogwash, but she opened her purse and took out a newspaper clipping which told the story of the strange marriage ceremony. You have to believe that kind of evidence, so matter how unbelievable it might sound.

ANOTHER prostitute that made the club her base of operations was a cute, thin blonde named Toni.

She would never talk about her background, but one night she got pretty well liquored up and called me over and sobbed out her story.

She said that she was from Colchester, and that she married a Royal Air Force sergeant-pilot in the early days of the war. They had been happy together, and happier still when the baby came.

Then there was a mission against a German industrial center, and her husband's bomber did not return. Heavy flak caught his Halifax in the gas tank, and it went down in a ball of flame.

There was a government pension, of course, but it wasn't enough to live on, and Toni couldn't go to work because she had to stay home and take care of the baby.

"What other way could I make a living?" she asked me tearfully. "I can make more selling my body at night than I could working in a factory, even if I could get somebody to take care of the baby."

But there were many other cases where the girls turned to prostitution because they enjoyed it or because they wanted to get more money while the getting was good.

WHEN I was in London to file stories through the censors, I always stayed at a little hotel in Leicester Square and ate at a small restaurant just a couple of doors away.

One of the waitresses at the restaurant was a cute, innocent-looking number named Stella whom I would have sworn didn't have an evil thought in her head.

But one night someone grabbed me by the arm in Piccadilly Circus and asked for the usual light for her cigarette. It was Stella, and she was wearing the customary excessive make-up that went with her trade.

She recognized me, but there was no embarrassment, no blushing.

I asked her what she was doing in the world's oldest profession, and she said defiantly:

"If it's any of your business, I like it—and I intend to get plenty of you Yanks' money before the war is over. Is there anything else you want to know?"

"Yes," I said, "there is. What about your job in the restaurant? Why do you keep it, if you can make so much more doing this?"

"Because I'm not a fool, that's why. Most of the other girls don't have working papers and if they're caught they go to the lock-up. But me, I'm smart. That terrible job

is my insurance. I've got a line of work and the bobbies can't touch me!"

THE Americans didn't cause the prostitution in Piccadilly Circus, but they did cause the inflationary prices.

London harlots were in business in the Circus long before the first American soldiers set foot on English soil, but in those days their prices were a lot different.

In the early days of the war everyone carried a flashlight, or torch as the English call them, in the blackout, and the girls used them to good advantage.

They used lipstick to print their price on the lens of their torch and advertised their business by flashing it in the face of a prospective customer. If the bobbies tried to stop them, they merely wiped off the lipstick and there was no proof against them.

In those days, the standard fee was ten shillings, which was roughly \$2.00 in American money.

Nor has Piccadilly Circus changed a great deal since the war. I was in England covering a story last summer, and there seemed to be as many prostitutes as ever.

They were having a little more trouble because the bobbies could stop them easier in the bright lights, but the cops will never be able to stop the girls completely.

Piccadilly Circus has been the stomping grounds of prostitutes for hundreds of years, and when I asked an English friend of mine why they didn't drive them out, he just shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Drive them out? That's impossible. You Americans tried to stop drinking with Prohibition, and it didn't work.

"You tried to stop gambling, and that didn't work either. The same applies to vice in New York and other cities. You can't drive such things out; you just drive them underground, where they're ten times worse."

"Are you trying to suggest," I asked, "that you think it's all right to have such places as Piccadilly Circus, swarming with prostitutes?"

This time, my English friend shook his head. "No," he said, "I think it's horrible—a terrible disgrace. It breeds crime and disease and all sorts of unspeakable things. For myself, I think prostitution should be made legal and put under the control of the government. But who will listen to me? I'm just a newspaper reporter."

THE END

I TOOK THE DRUG CURE

(Continued from page 11)

habit?" he asked.

I nodded my head.

"Okay, I'll see what I can do for you. Meanwhile, take it easy. If you feel the pains coming on, call for the nurse. He'll give you a shot."

I COASTED along for a couple of days, with the help of an occasional hypo. I wasn't getting as much as I craved, but it was enough to keep the pain submerged. They had taken me out of restraint, and I was able to walk around the ward.

About a week later, I was called into the doctor's office. He asked how I felt, and I told him: "Lousy!" Then he asked if I still wanted to be cured.

Yes, yes I did. God, how I did! "I've made arrangements for you to be admitted to the Federal Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky," the doctor told me.

"It's the best place in the country for treatment of drug addiction. You'll be there four or five months. If you stay the full time, you'll be cured. What happens then depends on you."

"You can count on me, doc," I promised fervently.

He smiled, and we shook hands on the bargain.

It was about 8 a.m. when my

train pulled into Lexington. After breakfast, a cab drove me to the outskirts of the city. The hospital was about seven miles out, set in a countryside of rolling hills, blue grass and green tobacco fields.

The cab turned off the road and stopped at a small building at the entrance to the hospital grounds.

A guard opened the door and escorted me into a room with steel bars on the windows. He searched me thoroughly from the cuffs of my trousers to the lining of my hat.

Emptying my pockets, he placed the contents beside my bag. He returned four cigarettes; that was all I could bring in with me.

Then we walked down the path to an immense steel gate, set in the tall wire fencing surrounding the main buildings. Here I was taken in tow by a male nurse.

He led me into a small room and told me to take off all my clothes. They were put in a neat pile; I wouldn't see them again until I left.

Still naked, I underwent a thorough physical examination by a doctor. He peered into every crevice of my body. Later I learned the reason. Addicts have tried to smuggle in drugs under their toenails, in their hair, in various recesses of the body. One even concealed heroine in the hollow of his jawbone!

Next, I was to give the doctor a detailed history of my addiction: how I got hooked, when, the amount I used every day, etc. By the time he got through, he knew as much about my case as I did.

NEXT, a male nurse took me to the clothing room, where I was handed a small bundle consisting of a faded blue bathrobe, slippers, pajamas, white socks, a toothbrush and a towel. After a shower I put the clothing on.

Then I was taken to the withdrawal ward—a long yellow-walled corridor with tiny cubicles on both sides. Each cubicle contained a bed, chair and small bedside stand. One of them was to be my home for a while.

By then, I began to feel jittery; I badly needed another shot. I told the nurse, and he went for

the doctor. After a few minutes the doc came in with a hypo, and I felt much better.

That evening, the ward doctor informed me that they had decided to put me on "rapid withdrawal." I was to get a quarter-grain of morphine four times a day.

Gradually this dose would be reduced, until at the end of ten days I would be completely off the stuff.

It was a pretty drastic cut, he said, from six grains to one per day. But it was a lot better than the old "cold-turkey" cure.

I agreed heartily.

For I knew that nothing could be worse than the suffering I'd been through those two days in that hotel, when I was trying to quit "cold turkey."

THE first three days were rough. Cut down to only one-sixth my usual daily dose, I felt depressed and unhappy most the time.

I was unable to concentrate on a newspaper or book. I was tired but restless, and paced the floor all day, smoking an endless chain of cigarettes.

Each evening just at bedtime, I was given a sedative. It didn't seem to help. All night long I twisted and turned uncomfortably in my bed. I was cold, and the nurse brought more blankets. The more he piled on me the colder I got.

By the fourth day, when I was down to an eighth grain four times a day, the physical withdrawal symptoms became accentuated. I yawned and sneezed continuously.

My nose ran, my eyes watered. Every bone and muscle in my body throbbled with individual pain. I had a splitting headache, my nerves seemed to twitch all the time.

"How are you coming along?" the doctor asked.

"I don't know," I replied miserably.

He laughed. "You'll survive," he assured me. "They all do."

On the fifth evening, I quit trying to sleep in my bed. I took my sedative and stretched out on the hard floor. Somehow I felt



"It was such a bargain, I just had to swipe it."

I'd sleep better there. But in the morning when I awakened I found my knees and elbows badly skinned from torturous writhing.

ON the sixth day, I was cut to an eighth grain twice a day, and a grain of codeine four times a day. By then I could scarcely drag myself around.

I lay on the bed, sweating and clammy in turn. My blood pressure was high, my eyes dilated.

On the seventh day, I was seized with violent cramps, and alternated between diarrhea and vomiting. I was hungry, but the smell of food nauseated me. I was exhausted, but I couldn't sleep.

"How do you feel?" the doctor asked.

"Most miserable man in the world," I managed to mumble.

He patted me on the shoulder encouragingly. "You're nearly over the hump," he reassured me. "In a few more days you'll feel much better."

On the eighth day I was off the dope entirely, but still dependent on that half-grain of codeine four times a day. My stomach burned, my leg and thigh muscles ached. My head felt as if it were being pressed in a vise, and my eye-balls bulged and hurt.

The doc was right. Two days later my suffering began to slacken. The muscle pains and burning stomach simmered down. I was able to take warm baths, vitamins and a little intravenous feeding. From here on it would be down hill work.

AT THE end of my second week at Lexington I was on my feet again, could sit around the dayroom and talk with other patients. No more dope, no more codeine, no more aches and pains. I was recovering my appetite, and I was able to sleep at night.

The mental desire for morphine persisted long after the physical craving had quieted. There was a standing joke in the dayroom. One patient would ask another: "If you had your choice between half a grain and Betty Grable, which would you take?"

The answer invariably was: "The half grain."

I knew I was okay the afternoon I went to the movies, a weekly feature at Lexington. After all the men were seated, the women patients marched into the balcony. Every male head turned in their direction, and remained turned until the lights dimmed.

Mine included. As long as I took dope, I wasn't interested in fe-

males. The best proof that I was off it was the fact that I'd just re-discovered sex.

BUT I wasn't ready to leave Lexington yet. I spent four months working on the produce farm of the hospital. There are 117 acres under cultivation and 350 acres of pasturage, with 200 dairy cattle, a piggery and a cannery.

The cannery supplies tomatoes, tomato juice, green beans and other vegetables—all grown at Lexington—to Federal institutions all over the country.

The brand, significantly, is "Narco Bride."

Dressed in overalls and a straw hat, I worked in the sunny fields all day. My face gradually lost its yellow, peaked look, and I didn't scare myself half to death every time I looked into the mirror. I was eating like a horse, and so gained 20 pounds.

Once a week I talked with a psychiatrist. We discussed the problems that had led me to narcotics in the first place, and I felt I was getting valuable insight that would help me stay off the stuff when I got out.

I became aware of other people and their problems again, found a new interest in conversation. There were a lot of interesting people at Lexington.

Among them was a well-known movie actor, a prominent bank leader, a former college president, a judge, preacher, banker, several lawyers and doctors. There were also a number of well-to-do businessmen and merchants, and once-successful salesmen and accountants.

They were all there for the same thing: a cure for drug addiction.

Finally one day, five months after my arrival, I was told that I was ready to go home. My record was fine, my health good, my psychiatrist reported that I was able to handle my emotional problems. I was put in a car and driven to the main gate.

As the guard swung it open for me he said: "See you next time around."

I knew what he meant. Nearly 50 percent of the patients released from Lexington eventually return for the cure to this hospital, or to another Federal institution. They just can't stay off the stuff.

But I knew I would never come back. It had been tough, but I'd kicked the habit for good.

That was two years ago. I'm still a square; I never touch the stuff.



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WHY I AM A NUDIST

(Continued from page 31)

table and ate in the nude. Nude girls helped their nude mother wash dishes and clean up, while nude brother tinkered with the radio and nude father read the newspaper.

Evenings, we did our lessons, read, listened to the radio or played games together like other people—except that we didn't wear clothes.

Of course, we always slept in the raw. And my brother slept in the same room with my sister and me. Why not? From infancy we had been taught to regard our bodies as things of natural beauty, rather than objects of sensuality and lust.

We learned about sex early. We didn't have to go to the gutter to learn the biological facts of life.

Our parents explained them to us in casual, simple terms. None of that bees, birds and flowers stuff. We came to regard sex as a natural function; accepting it, we forgot about it.

So when other little children began to run around and whisper half-truths about it, or hide in corners and experiment, we remained scornfully aloof.

We KNEW all about it, we didn't have to speculate. The result was a respectful, healthy, moral attitude toward it.

But after a while we began to have trouble with peeping-toms. Then some of our neighbors began to whisper.

They wouldn't allow their children to play with us any more.

Eventually, there were so many complaints to the police that we were forced to move.

WE went to live in a small city in California. One day, Father came home with a nudist publication he'd picked up by chance on the local newsstand. Thus we learned for the first time there were other nudists (or "naturists," as they preferred to be known) in the world.

Writing to the publication for information, we discovered that there were a number of naturists living in our own city. We looked them up, and soon had a large circle of friends who believed as we did.

We often spent evenings in their homes, or they in ours, completely

nude and relaxed. While our elders talked, we children played together.

Since we accepted completely the physical differences between the sexes, and it was never hidden, there was no need to talk about it. I have never known cleaner, healthier, more decent people. Nor happier ones.

That summer, we got together and rented a small piece of property, surrounding a lake in the nearby mountains. We spent nearly all our weekends there.

Each family would pitch its own tent apart from the others. There was only one rule in this camp: nobody was allowed to wear clothes.

During the day we swam, sunbathed and played games together. The hot sun gave us a healthy all-over tan; we enjoyed the lingering caress of warm breezes on our grateful bodies, and the invigoration of cool water on our flesh, free and unadorned by bathing suits.

In the evening, we sat around campfires, popped corn and roasted marshmallows, played banjos and guitars and sang songs together.

If it turned cool, we draped blankets over our nude shoulders, while our bare fronts basked in the heat of the fires.

MOST of the people who came to this camp were married people, and their children. Single persons were not admitted unless they were recommended and accompanied by members.

There was no opportunity for sexual license. Almost all activity took place in groups. We swam, hiked or simply lolled around in the sun in groups. We played tennis, volley ball, shuffle board and horseshoes in groups. Unmarried couples simply didn't get to be alone together.

Over a period of years, on only two occasions did we discover a single couple straying off into the woods.

In both instances the guilty pair immediately was ordered off the premises. We were anxious to keep our own maturing young people, as well as outsiders, from confusing nakedness with lasciviousness.

Nevertheless neighbors did talk. War came, and we were accused of being Nazis.

We were raided by police several times, finally had our lease cancelled and were forced to give up (temporarily) our happy existence nude in the sunshine.

We found that the prejudice against nudism among conventional people is as strong as any other prejudice.

WHEN I came East to get a job, after the war, I maintained my connection with the nudist movement. There has been a big boom in nudism during recent years, and I have found plenty of healthy companionship among intelligent, clean-minded young people who believe as I do.

We're not "crackpots." Among us are many well-known doctors, lawyers, university professors and members of other professions. Many of us have college degrees. In education and IQ, we're well above the normal.

We're NOT exhibitionists. The nude body in a natural pose can never be exhibitionistic, for that involves artificiality and accentuation.

In fact, the only time I feel that I am exhibiting myself is when I model revealing evening gowns before paunchy buyers with big, fat elgars in their mouths who lick their lips and ogle lasciviously, while they mentally undress me.

I often wonder how they'd behave if they suddenly were set down in a nudist camp with their whole family, naked as the day they were born.

They'd probably be so embarrassed by the sight of their own unclothed pot-bellies and white skins that they would forget to ogle the pretty young things decorating the landscape, with nary a chemise to cover their delicate hides.

The buyers might even forget to whistle!

We're not immoral. At least 75 percent of us are married. Nudists make good husbands and wives; the divorce rate among them is only about one-fifth the national rate. I've never yet heard of a nudist having an illegitimate child. How much more moral can you get?

Our attitude toward sex is a

**I wish he LOOKED
as young as he is!**

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This is a message for **SKEPTICS** . . . for men and women worried about baldness or falling hair . . . who have never dared believe that **ANYTHING** could be done about baldness. We sincerely recommend to **YOU**:

**BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS
AND MASSAGE**

These two secret formulas, together with the unique Brandenfels' pressure massage, are designed to bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp, to soften the scalp and to increase the supply of blood to the entire scalp area.

YOUR HAIR ROOTS MAY BE ALIVE

Carl Brandenfels' remarkable research **HAS PROVED** that hair roots can be alive even on totally bald people! Look at these pictures and see for yourself. Mr. Nagle, Mr. Rainey, Mr. Liefson, Mrs. Harris and many others **THOUGHT** their hair roots were dead . . . but their own pictures prove that their roots were still alive, because today hair is growing from former bald areas.

DOCTORS OBSERVE RESULTS

In recent tests, competent medical personnel observed **RENEWED HAIR GROWTH** on users of Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage.

Carl Brandenfels believes that proper use of his formulas and massage may, in many cases, bring about a condition which will help return **ALLOW HAIR TO GROW**. He does not classify his product with the so-called "hair growers." He does not guarantee that it will promote new hair growth because not every user has grown new hair. Carl Brandenfels **HAS PROVED** that hair follicles **MAY BE ALIVE** on people who are bald or losing their hair.

17,146 LITERS OF PRAISE

Carl Brandenfels has in his files, verified by the impartial audit of Certified Public Accountants, 17,146 letters from users who report from one to all of the following results:

- Renewed Hair Growth
- No More Excessive Falling Hair
- Relief from Dandruff Scals
- (Rashes)—dandruff may be of numerous CAUSES
- Improved Scalp Conditions

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USE AT HOME**

No embarrassment, no time lost from work, no costly office treatments. Use these non-sticky, non-odoriferous formulas and the unique Brandenfels' Pressure Massage in the privacy of your own home. A 5-week supply costs \$15 plus \$2 Post. tax (total \$17.00). Send your order today to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

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YOUR
ORDER
NOW**

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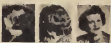
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Please send me—in a plain unopened—5-week supply of Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage with Directions for Use in my own home.
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☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman \$15.00 plus postal charges.

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Cash orders will be shipped immediately, postpaid. C.O.D. orders will be filled as rapidly as the funds are available.
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY.

**RESULTS VERIFIED BY
MEDICAL OBSERVATION**



One more than a year, a large group of men and women have been using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under medical observation. Above is one of them again, Mr. E. "Al" Lufkin, of Tacoma, Wa. The verbatim of these medical tests and the results observed in them is documented by the many instances of the medical personnel who conducted and participated in these tests.



Above, Seattle business woman Mrs. B. M. Harris, who is teacher of the wedding test group. Many of the more than 15,000 successful letters Carl Brandenfels has received come from women users of his home course.

ACT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

If you are losing your hair or have already become bald, **SEND TODAY** for a five-week supply of Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Send the coupon below **NOW**, before you forget or neglect this vital message. Every day you wait may make your problem that much more difficult.

**DO A FRIEND
A FAVOR**
If you don't have this
problem, send this
message to a friend
who does



Before Dec. 1, 1948



Today

When it has been again for 8 years.—
Don Nagle, Seattle, Wa.



Before



After

"I was totally bald for more
than two years. I'm only
thankful that I cannot put
home course!"—L. Rainey,
Pacora, Tennessee



Before



Today

"It is like a miracle had been performed.
Hair is now growing on my forehead. I look
and feel like a baby again and I rest more
people without saying to myself, 'Oh, they're
looking at my head!'—Mrs. Lillian Conliffe,
New York City



Before



Today

"My hair was falling rapidly for 8
years. After using Brandenfels, hair
began to grow in bald areas, and then
the face turned into real brown hair!"—
Harold H. Ott.



Before



Today

"I have been getting bald for about 20
years. Now I have a lot of new hair . . .
you can imagine how happy I feel!"—
H. J. Piquet, Chicago, Ill.



Before



Today

"I now have a healthy undergrowth of
hair and my bald spots are filling in.
Also, my general scalp condition is
much improved."—Alfred Friend, New
York City.

WORLD-FAMOUS
Brandenfels
**SCALP AND HAIR
APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE**
ST. HELENS, OREGON

(All photographs of hair are UNRETouched. Ad-
dress of those and other successful Brandenfels' users
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PARKWAY MACHINE CORP., Dept. 18

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healthy one. We believe in marriage, and the family. Our birth rate is one of the highest in the country because we oppose every kind of artificiality—including birth control.

We don't indulge in drunken orgies. Drunkenness is unnatural, and liquor in any form—in bottle or stomach—is forbidden in all reputable nudist camps.

We're not atheists. Nearly all of us attend one Church or another regularly.

And we're not Communists. It's a standing rule that religion and politics must not be discussed. Besides, Communism can breed only among the malcontented and suppressed, not among happy, healthy citizens like naturists.

WE believe in natural living as a sound way of life. We abhor immorality bigotry, profanity and all else that degrades mankind.

We glory in the body beautiful, as God created it, unadorned by corsets, girdles, "faisies" and other artificial embellishment.

The presence or absence of a shred of cloth is no measure of modesty or morals. Lasciviousness is created by a sick mind, not by sight of a healthy body.

We maintain that a man can admire a beautiful feminine figure

—or a woman a handsome masculine one—and say so openly, without lewd giggles, winks or insinuations.

We practice clean thinking and clean living. Can our critics say as much for themselves?

If you doubt all this, I invite you to test it at a nudist camp next summer. It's easy to get in. All you have to do is show sincerity, give satisfactory references, take off your clothes, and enjoy yourself.

I challenge anyone to spend a week in the raw among us, without being impressed by our sincerity.

Remove your clothes! Let the warm sun and wind caress your body, feel the physical freedom and exhilaration your artificially-restrained body and spirit have yearned for all your life! Participate in group sports and other activities with sincere nudists.

Observe how happily and unselfishly the children play together. See how beautiful, budding young women and handsome maturing young men with glorious bodies enjoy themselves. Notice how happy and natural is the relationship between the adults of both sexes, in the absence of clothes.

Maybe then you'll understand why I'm a nudist.

THE END

SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH?

(Continued from page 24)

somewhat like a muscle that has grown flabby and weak through disuse—there is good reason to believe that it may be increased through exercise and practice.

And if this is so, the average man might soon develop "supernatural strength" that would put Superman or Flash Gordon to shame.

ONE of the most amazing cases of psychokinesis on record deals with the apparent control over gravity possessed by one Angelo Faticoni, who died in Hartford, Connecticut, a few years ago at the age of 72.

In an obituary, the *New York Herald Tribune* referred to Faticoni as "The man they could not drown."

In various experiments conducted at Harvard University and elsewhere, Faticoni was weighted with

a 20-pound cannonball or otherwise burdened and thrown into the water.

He stayed afloat on one such occasion for 15 hours and apparently could have remained afloat indefinitely.

He could assume any position in the water asked of him—even fall asleep—yet his mouth and nostrils were always held above the surface as though by some invisible protective force.

Careful medical examination revealed that he had no body cavities of abnormal size.

The case of Faticoni has never been explained, except by the assumption that he had willed that he could not be drowned, and hence was immune to drowning.

There are, of course, numerous records of persons who actually "walked on the surface of the wa-

ter." Many of these, however, were in a state of religious ecstasy or trance at the time.

SOME people seem able to repel others by setting up a forcewall about them.

Harry Price, the famous "debunker" of mediums and other spiritualistic phenomena, whose articles on occult subjects appear in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, investigated a man in Germany in 1925 who was able, merely by pointing a finger at people, to "pitch them out on the street." He did this, as a matter of fact, to an entire group of investigators.

"It was a great sensation . . ." Price noted. That appears to be putting it mildly!

This man was also able to "think-command" heavy furniture from place to place, even from room to room.

Another famous person with repulsive force was an English woman, Mrs. Mary Richardson, who could knock a man to the floor merely by touching him with her fingertip.

As many as 13 men could line up in a row, each with his hands on the shoulders of the man in front, and push against her, but she wouldn't budge.

More amazingly, she could then drive the men backward by increasing her repulsive force!

Mrs. Richardson, who gave performances in vaudeville, could reverse her strange force at will. In one instant six men, three to each of her elbows, could not lift her from the floor; in the next she al-

lowed them to lift her without effort.

Curiously enough, there were two "magnetic ladies" in the single state of Georgia toward the close of the last century. They were Lulu Hurst and Mrs. Annie Abbott. Both of them became famed vaudeville performers.

Lulu Hurst, a slim young woman, could lift a chair in which a 200-pound man was seated merely by touching it with her fingers and raising her arm.

In the familiar "tug-of-war" she defeated as many as 10 of the strongest men available, and on one occasion she towed a wagon loaded with grain that a pair of dray horses could scarcely budge.

All these feats were performed apparently without effort.

Mrs. Abbott, who was known as the *Little Georgia Magnet*, actually weighed less than 100 pounds. She was able to perform only when in a "trance."

But when entranced, she lifted two 250-pound men simultaneously, one with each *fully extended arm*. She could defeat the push or pull of 10 men, and she could also make herself heavy or light at will.

Mrs. Betsy Anna Talks, who lived in Queens County, New York, was able to carry two 400-pound barrels of sugar simultaneously, one under each arm. Apparently never exhibited, she was known as a "psychic" until her death in 1931.

IT is noteworthy that many of these cases of supernatural strength involve women and particularly girls.

Some authorities believe that females have greater psychokinetic powers than males, due perhaps to a compensation for their lesser physical strength and also to the possibility that females may be more "psychic" or intuitive than males.

Such power in females has often been noted to attain its maximum just before or at the arrival of full sexual maturity. Often a waxing and waning in accordance with the menstrual cycle has been noted.

But there are also many males with these powers. One, who apparently had the power of seeing through solid metal as well as superhuman strength was an Englishman who was exhibited under the name of Marlon some years ago.

On the invitation of Harry Price and London University's Council for *Psychical Research*, he was carefully investigated under strict control conditions by a committee

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"Is that new chili powder hot enough, Gaspar?"

of seven scientists on January 25, 1934.

Preparations were elaborate. Six heavy steel boxes, each so heavy that it could be lifted only with difficulty by a strong man, were placed at random about the test room. These boxes were identical in appearance.

In one of them was a small steel ring, wrapped in cotton, which had been placed inside the box by a man who was not a party to the experiment. None of the seven scientists knew which box contained the ring.

Then Marion was called in. Not a word was spoken, for Marion had been instructed in advance what was required of him. He went to each box in turn and briefly held a hand, which was quivering slightly, above it.

Without hesitation he opened the lid of one of the boxes. Inside was the ring.

Then, using only one hand, Marion piled the boxes one on top of the other and lifted them into the air!

It is noteworthy in the case of Marion that his hand trembled as though permeated by some unknown current when he performed his feat of divination, and that muscularly he was no better developed than any average man.

Modern science has not yet explained his feats, except by assuming that he possessed the powers of both clairvoyance and telekinesis.

THE London Times of April 27, 1972, reports the weird action of an 11-year-old boy who pelted a house in Bermondsey with rocks from a quarry so severely that every window was smashed, the walls badly damaged, every piece of

furniture destroyed and two children seriously injured.

What flabbergasted the investigators was that the rocks thrown by the boy were too heavy for a strong man to lift. What punishment was meted out to the boy, and what prompted his temporary supernatural strength, is not recorded.

Many people in rages—and particularly the insane—have shown supernatural strength. David, at the time he slew Goliath with a cast stone, may have been in such a fury.

Many "impossible" escapes from prison may possibly be explained by assuming temporary supernatural strength.

In 1839, Mary Jobson of Durham, England, whose case is exhaustively documented by Dr. Reid Clanny, was temporarily "possessed" by strength described as miraculous.

Only 13 years old at the time, this girl was able to escape from confinement at will merely by pushing on a heavy oaken door, snapping off not one but two locks.

She was able to twist the bars out of windows, later "playfully" bending them into circles.

Mary Jobson was confined, incidentally, not for purposes of punishment but in order to test her powers.

IN another instance a boy of only eight, living in Tedworth, England, developed supernatural strength only when a certain prisoner was confined in the jail nearby.

When the prisoner was moved to a different jail, the boy lost his power; when the prisoner was brought back, the phenomena resumed.

This boy's power may have been triggered by subconscious resentment toward the prisoner—whom he had never even seen!

At any rate, when the "strength was on him," he was able to rip a heavy oaken door off its hinges or move such objects as a ponderous iron stove with one hand.

On one occasion, like Samson, he moved a 12 x 12 beam in a barn wall; the entire building caved in. Though struck by many falling timbers, the boy was not injured, was not even scratched.

In the fantastic "Epworth Castle Case," which occurred in 1718, a girl named Hetty sat down, one day, against an "old and big elm tree." She merely leaned back, and the tree fell over.

Examination revealed that it had

NOT been about to fall anyway, but on the contrary had been uprooted by a terrific force.

Though Hetty, when she looked at a stove, could make it rise high in the air, her force seems to have been directed mostly toward trees. Within a few weeks she toppled so many that her parents placed her in a convent, where she quickly lost her eerie power.

Perhaps the first person to definitely connect supernatural strength with electricity or some related form of energy was Francois Arago, the eminent French physicist.

Dr. Arago was one of a group of scientists who investigated Angelique Cottin—another young girl—when she showed such powers in the year 1848, at the age of 14.

Angelique could send the heaviest furniture "spinning" merely by walking toward it.

She could pick up a massive bed with one hand, and on one occasion she "thought" a solid oak table seven feet long and six feet wide straight up to the ceiling. This table was so heavy that it required four men to lift.

Dr. Arago hung balls of pith or feathers on fine silken threads that hung from the ceiling, making a complete circle around Angelique with these electro-sensitive objects.

He found that they were always attracted or repelled whenever Angelique "turned on" her power.

MANY similar experiments involving far more delicate devices have, of course, been made since. They prove conclusively the existence of a flow of some form of energy akin to electricity whenever telekinesis is successfully employed.

But what that energy is—perhaps channelized gravitation and its reverse—has not yet been ascertained.

Mostly, it is known only that telekinesis does exist, that all people possess it in some degree—as proven by the Duke University experiments, and that a few people possess fantastic powers.

Generally, it is poorly controlled, or under no conscious control at all. But it appears to be the basic force in the universe—the direct command and motivation of Matter by Mind.

Once man has learned how to control this force, he will have supernatural strength indeed! He may be able to change the motions of the stars themselves merely by exercising his will.

THE END



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It echoed dully through his consciousness, "Five hundred bucks, five hundred bucks."

His brain cleared. He was on his hands and knees, a man was waving an arm over him, another man in boxing trunks was standing off a little distance. He was up.

The man in boxing trunks drove him into a corner. He couldn't get his hands up; he couldn't get his hands up. The man was hitting his flaming head with punch after punch.

Dazed, his brain going dark, Bobby began to move his lips. He was mumbling, "Five hundred bucks, five hundred bucks, Mary and Jimmy, five hundred bucks."

The referee counted Bobby out. He was dragged to his corner as the crowd boomed; then, as Martine's glove was held aloft, they burst into a loud cheer.

The salesman was disgusted.

BOXER WHO STARTED A SENATE INVESTIGATION

(Continued from page 19)

Hurley stomped out of the matchmaker's offices on the second floor of Madison Square Garden.

He was obviously disgusted with the terms that had been offered him for a future fight in the Garden.

The former manager of the great Billy Petrolle and the ill-fated Vince Foster felt that his boy Matthews was going to get a raw deal if he stayed around the neighborhood of the Garden.

Hurley wanted to maintain his independence as a manager and didn't want any exclusive contract tie-up, nor was he interested in any deal with the matchmaker.

Matthews and Hurley headed back West, where Harry continued to bowl over his opposition, while Hurley Interested Senator Cain and another Western State legislator in Matthews' case against the I.B.C. Hurley flatly stated that Harry Matthews, by virtue of his clean-cut victory over Murphy, was entitled to a match with Joey Maxim, the champion, for the light-heavyweight championship. The sons, after hearing Hurley's story, solemnly agreed with Jack.

Some several millions of boxing fans and writers are of the same opinion. After Maxim easily defeated Murphy to retain his title, the

"Two rounds. Can you beat it? That Irish bum took a dive."

The blonde, as she was being helped into her fur coat, sounded annoyed, "Where can we go for an hour? It's too early to crash the party."

Her escort was exasperated. "You know what I said, they shouldn't pay him. I could have done better."

The old-timer was over to Martine's corner, shaking his gory glove, saying, "You certainly sent Brady, to the cleaners. He won't be any good after this."

The sailor was angry. He said, "Why don't they take him back to his paper dolls, give him a scissors, and forget about him."

But Irish Bobby Brady wasn't concerned with the crowd's disapproval. He didn't even care about the five hundred bucks anymore. Irish Bobby Brady was dead.

THE END

Senators began to get the investigation going in earnest.

Matthews is 29 years of age and has been a professional since he was 15, with time out for three years of service with the U. S. Army in the Pacific campaign of World War II.

Hurley contends that as things now stand, Matthews will have a gray beard by the time he gets his much belated opportunity to win the title.

Because many boxing fans still do not know as much about Matthews as they do about the more ballyhooed victim of their bout, Bob Murphy, a few of his boxing career highlights are in order:

BORN in Ota, Idaho, about thirty miles from Boise, Harry Matthews was brought up on a small cattle ranch. An older brother wanted to box, but was discouraged by his grandparents.

"When I started to grow up," said Harry, "my Dad let me make a choice. I could be a ball player or a boxer. I wanted to be a fighter. He showed me the simple punches."

"I started my pro career in smaller arenas in Boise and Pocatello. Then I moved to Seattle, where there was more money. I was living in Seattle when I went into the



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READING for MALES

How To Start Your Own Mail
 Order Business, by Ken Alexander

Reviewed by Jack Parker

Believe me, I feel a healthy respect for mail order, having seen a friend, a former \$30-a-week clerk, acquire a Cadillac and a country estate in the business. Questioned about his success, he explained, "Mail order! You just slice open the mail and extract the dollar bills."

But perhaps he is to be taken more literally than his facetious reply implies. I feel so since reading "How To Start Your Own Mail Order Business," a book which dispels the mystery about mail order.

Beginning with the idea, the author shows what makes a product suitable for mail order, giving many illustrations such as hair coloring, medicines, cosmetics, fashions, novelty jewelry, picture albums, etc. One can operate from home or in business by adding a mail order department for just the cost of printing and stamps.

The book shows how to prepare a mail order ad, where to place it and gives the names of list brokers, and publications used successfully in mail order.

The book is sold on refund guaranteed basis and persons interested are advised to get it by sending \$2.00 directly to the publisher:

STRAYON PUBLISHERS, Dept. T-444
 113 West 57th St. New York 19, N. Y.

Army in 1943.

"Incidentally, I was only 17 years of age when I was fighting ten-round bouts!

"When the war ended, I went back to boxing, the one thing I knew best. I was winning, but I wasn't getting decent purses. When my contract with my manager ran out, I had a chat with my wife who encouraged me to drive to Chicago and look up Jack Hurley. He was one manager of whom I had heard only good spoken. He agreed to handle me."

MATTHEWS returned to Chicago, signed with Hurley and won a ten-round decision over George Sherman in the Windy City. After the bout, Harry asked Hurley what he thought of the fight.

The veteran manager peered at Harry through his glasses, then snapped:

"You call that a fight? Jab and run. Jab and run."

Matthews was hurt by his new manager's criticism. After all, thought Harry, he had been fighting for 12 years and after 70 fights a manager wanted to change his style. How could you teach an old dog new tricks?

Hurley proceeded to "unlearn" Matthews. For two months they worked in the gym, worked from the feet up, on position and leverage and on the moves that have become distinguishing marks of Hurley fighters.

At first, Matthews wasn't "sold" on Hurley's methods. "I was so discouraged," said Harry, "that I didn't think any of Jack's suggestions would help. Of course, I listened to him and tried to do what he told me to do, but I had no confidence in his suggestions until one day."

"I was sparring with a big heavyweight in the gymnasium. Suddenly, I made one of the moves that Hurley had taught me. I hit the big fellow with a right hand punch, and he went down and out."

"I had never hit anyone as hard as that, yet it didn't feel hard on my hand, but I did feel it back in my shoulder. Leverage had helped me put away the big boy."

"Shortly afterwards, I fought Billy Davis in Omaha. I followed Jack's instructions. I maneuvered my opponent into position and let go. He went out in a minute and 40 seconds of the fight."

"A month later, following Hurley's battle plan, I knocked out Tony Elizondo with a body punch in just one minute and 39 seconds

of the first round. That's when I became fully convinced that Hurley's plan was getting me somewhere."

HURLEY plans Matthews' fights as precisely as if the battle is on a chess board instead of on canvas in the roped arena.

"I get him to miss a couple of punches," explained manager Jack. "Then he throws in the right hand punch."

"What the opponent doesn't know is that Matthews is missing with the first two punches on purpose. They are just camouflage so the other guy won't know that Harry is moving into position to let go with his heavy artillery."

In 1969 Stanley Ketchel used somewhat the same plan of purposely missing a right hand punch in order to shift into position to sink his left into an unwary foe's stomach.

"It frightens me," says Matthews, "to think that I fought for twelve years and after 70 fights knew so little. Now, Jack and I plan every fight as if it were an invasion. Nothing is left to chance. In fact, I feel a little sorry for the fellow in the other corner."

Matthews is expected to get his chance to win the light-heavyweight crown later this year. If he does, he still will be two years younger than was Tiger Flowers when he took the middleweight title away from Harry Greb.

And while Matthews has been boxing for 14 years, Rocky Kansas had been fighting for the same length of time before he defeated Jimmy Goodrich for the lightweight title in 1925.

THE combination of Matthews and Hurley makes for one of the brighter aspects of a sometimes sordid business. Hurley is a specialist at recharging the batteries of ringworn warriors. His make-over jobs are usually better than the original models.

His miracle-working with Billy Petrolle is still fresh in the minds of the public. The Fargo Express, a good club fighter, seemed to have come to the end of the road in 1930.

He announced his retirement. After mulling things over for a year, Petrolle decided to give boxing another try. He made his comeback piloted by Hurley.

Billy's early record, a spotty one, was completely obscured by the sensational exploits of his "old age" comeback, and he won his

permanent fame after he was supposedly "washed up."

Hurley changed Matthews from an unexciting jabber to a dynamic puncher, specializing in the "sudden death" wallop which makes for ring drama.

Harry's father taught him the rudiments of boxing, it took a Jack Hurley to transform Harry Matthews into a smart-moving, hard-punching threat to Joey Maxim, the title-holder.

According to Jack Kearns, the astute manager of Maxim, Joey's plans call for a title defense against Don Cockell, the British Empire light-heavyweight champion. A superb boxer, Maxim should outpoint the Britisher, according to the ring experts.

Bob Satterfield, the hard-mittling Negro light-heavy out of Chicago, also has been mentioned as a possible opponent for Maxim. This match was scheduled to take place after the London bout.

In the meantime, Harry Matthews, whom many thousands feel is the rightful No. 1 challenger, is fighting out in the Western States where he is highly popular, but the purses aren't what a fighter of Matthews' class should command in the East.

MANAGER Hurley has convinced Senator Cain and the other Senators that he is an independent and has no "mob" connections.

As a result of Hurley's word picture of the present boxing situation, the solons are also convinced that the tendency to monopolistic control of boxing is increasing where boxing is a large scale operation.

And friends of Jack Hurley have also explained to Senator Cain and his conferees the meaning of "a house fighter."

They have pointed out to the legislators that the recent bout between Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano was "a house match."

Louis, long the "property" of Mike Jacobs, the Twentieth Century Club promoter, fought Marciano, managed by Marty Weill, son of the International Boxing Club's matchmaker, Al Weill.

The "house fighter" has been a familiar figure in boxing for the past 15 years. Before Jim Braddock lost his heavyweight crown to Joe Louis in Chicago, Joe Gould, the smart little manager of Braddock, signed the contract for that bout with the proviso that Braddock should receive a percentage of the purses of Louis' future bouts for a

certain length of time, in the event that Braddock was defeated.

Matthews, according to Hurley, will never become a "house" fighter.

And because he is apparently frozen out of the big arenas where the I.B.C. operates, the Senate investigators have been as busy as the proverbial bees gleaning what information they can from the characters in Stillmans and in other spots where the boxers train.

What will come of the investigation is a moot question to be answered only after a complete report has been made to the solons.

One of the investigators has suggested several changes from the top down. This would eliminate the "house" fighter to a certain extent. The next step, asserts the Senate sleuth, is to weaken the grip of characters of dubious background on the boxers.

This, of course, is only possible by a strict policing of such personnel as managers, handlers and shadowy figures who, while unable to front for their fighters because of criminal records, nevertheless pull the strings on their fighters' activities via whispered conferences in bar booths.

ONE of the contributing factors to the increase in ring fatalities is the policy of these sinister characters to match the boy they want to "build up" with an unfortunate who has suffered a succession of knockouts but who accepts the match because a grasping manager, often working with the manager or "owner" of the opponent, says it's "a pay day."

Jack Hurley is one pilot who has never resorted to such tactics. When he saw that Vince Foster, the bible-reading kid who ended his meteoric life in an auto smash-up, was bent on mixing strong drink with boxing and revival meetings, Hurley washed his hands of the problem child.

As Matthews has said: "When I'm ready to quit, Jack Hurley will be the first to tell me. No one is more candid than he."

In the meantime, Matthews is keeping his ring tools sharp in the hope that by some turn of circumstances he will yet prove that he is the best light-heavyweight in the world.

Thanks to Manager Hurley, Harry can claim the distinction of being the only boxer who has caused a United States Senate Committee to start a wholesale investigation of boxing.

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DIME-A-DANCE HALLS

(Continued from page 17)

The taxi-dance hall originated in New York City during prohibition. It differed from the conventional ballroom where the man and his girl attended as a couple, or men and girls came individually—buying their own tickets for the evening—in that tickets were sold for each dance, and the men bought the tickets, chose their partners, and gave each partner her tickets for one or more dances before starting to dance.

Thus the girls were actually for hire for as long or as short a time as the men chose, exactly like taxicabs.

Since each dance generally cost a dime, the girls were at first known as "nickel hoppers," because they were paid 50 per cent of the price of each ticket, or a nickel a dance.

They were also called "dime-a-dance girls." But when somebody thought of "taxi dancers" the term caught on, because it was so apt.

Currently, there are taxi-dance

halls in almost every city of moderate size or larger. They are generally located in or on the fringe of the theatrical-hotel district. And—like Chinese restaurants—they are generally on the second floor.

It's easy to identify a taxi-dance hall. Very often, at the ground-floor entrance, there's a display of photographs of lovelies, clad in clinging satin evening gowns with plunging necklines and skirts slit on the side to the knee or above.

Signs along the building may variously advertise "Dancing Academy," "Dance Palace," or merely "50—Gorgeous Girls—50."

Sometimes the advertising display is decorous, even refined, while in other cases it may shriek with vulgarity. A familiar type of the latter sort may even display paintings of nude women and semi-nudes—often reproductions of the classics—as "art" across the non-transparent windows, tinted, very often a lurid bluish-purple.

LET'S visit a few of these places of money. Though the price of admission and dances has scarcely climbed at all in two decades—admission is generally around 60 cents, while eight dance tickets can be purchased for a dollar (sometimes the price is still ten cents a dance)—it's possible to spend as much as \$6.00 an hour at dancing or "sitting out" alone, while if food and drinks are served, the costs can be astronomical.

Many "nickel hoppers" who know their stuff earn as much as \$200 or more a week without resorting to prostitution, while earnings of \$75 and \$100 a week are common.

They still get half the cost of the tickets, which—as a rule—they accept directly from their partners, retain, and turn in at the close of the evening.

In places with bare and restaurants, they may also get a cut on the refreshment expenditure.

Let's try a better-class place first. The place is tastefully decorated; there is a coruscating, multicolored light over the center of the floor, chairs or benches at one end of the floor for the male patrons and a similar setup at the other end for the "instructresses" or "hostesses."

A railing divides the floor in half, and in this railing is a break or maybe a gate. On one side of the railing stands a row of girls, acting vivacious and "peppy," while on the other stand the men patrons, looking them over and making their choices.

YOU pick a girl named Gloria La Flamme (actually her real name may be Gertrude Jones) and dance with her. She is a pretty redhead, well-stacked, about 21. She is a good dancer.

When you get toward the last of your eight one-minute dances you try holding her close, and you try to find out whether she's married or single, but she evades without actually repulsing you on either point.

This is so you'll buy more tickets and come back for her. The bald truth is that Gloria's paycheck and perhaps her job depend solely—insofar as the dance hall is concerned—on how many tickets she turns in.

You can't get far with Gloria while dancing, so you suggest sitting out. There is a section with tables reserved for that purpose.

But you find you'll have to buy a half-hour's supply of tickets—cost \$3.00 or more—to sit out. You



"You should always check to see if the seat is up."

move to a table with her.

Let's assume that Gloria tells you the facts. If she is a typical taxi-dance girl, she comes from an unhappy home background, she is ill-educated insofar as a profession such as stenography is concerned, she has been married, divorced, and possibly married again, and she feels that she can earn more taxi-dancing than working as a waitress or in a factory.

"I'm pretty and young," she says frankly, "and I know how to handle men. I got my job here just by walking in and asking for it."

"I can dance every dance if I want to. Sometimes, though, I sit over in the reserved hostess section and rest my dogs."

"Like lots of the girls, I have steady customers who come in three or four times a week and spend ten or twenty dollars just to dance and talk with me."

"They think I'm sweet on them, and I let them think that way because they're lonely and it makes them feel better. Lots of customers give me tips."

"Lots of men treat me like a lady, but others proposition me. I have to listen because I'm supposed to dance with every customer who asks. Usually, I can laugh them off, but when they get rough I complain to one of the floor men, and he warns the fellow."

"A few of the other girls, though, pick up extra money by going out with guys. But most of us just walk out the front door together at closing time and brush 'em off. If we're real scared, we go out a back entrance; there has to be one on account of the fire laws."

NOW let's try a rougher place. Here the band is more raucous, the furnishings cheaper and dirtier, the girls more heavily masqueraded and roughed with heavily lipsticked lips. The sign on the wall warning against indecent conduct of any sort means little.

Here the girls entice their customers by parading like horses, exhibiting flashes of leg, rolling their hips, and casually tossing in a "grind" or "bump" now and then when they catch a man's eye. There is little or no attempt to restrain suggestive or bawdy talk.

In such and worse places and depending on the city, the girls and floor men often have a code of signals which warn when a plainclothesman is entering the premises. Then you may get the gritted whisper, "Cut it out! Clean it up! The cops!"

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☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Save money that guarantees results.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

signation arrangements are permitted, however, it is seldom that a taxi-dance hall management associates itself, even indirectly, with actual prostitution. The profits are too great to jeopardize, often running from \$1,000 to \$5,000 and upwards a week.

The worst joints are utterly tawdry and revolting to the decent male. There may not even be an orchestra, only a jukebox, though the type of music is no criterion of the morality of the place.

If there is a bar, drunks may sleep with their heads on the tables. The girls understand that they must dance in any way the customer demands, or they will be docked or fired.

WHILE some men may resent the fact that many taxi-dance girls, by the very nature of their profession, use their sex allure, the "hold-off" technique, false promises and other wiles to lure their patrons to buy more tickets, there is a great deal that may be said in justification of such activities, once the psychology of the girls is understood. Whether it is a creditable psychology is another matter.

"They come in here because they're after something," Laverne Desire—a stunning brunette of 23—said bitterly. "It's the old sex game. They're on one side and we're on the other."

"Oh, some of them are lonely or even afraid of what they call 'nice girls'—maybe they even feel that they aren't worthy of any girl's companionship unless they pay her for it. Funny how many guys are that way!

"But those fellows would do better to try to meet girls in bars—where it costs less to get acquainted."

"And for the nice guys—and there's lots of them I'll admit—why don't they find out about social clubs for just such guys and gals—even go to church parties?"

ONE of the saddest aspects of the taxi-dance business is the way it often attracts young girls with no particular talent other than beauty and youth. The only equipment required is an evening-dress.

It's easy to get a tryout; many places even have cards in the window asking for girls or advertise in the help-wanted columns.

Such girls may become fascinated by the easy money and constant flattery they receive from

men. Many become prey to perisistent Don Juans who spend freely and talk impressively, with the result they soon find themselves in serious trouble.

Depending on the city, the police department imposes various regulations on taxi-dance halls and girls. Enforcement also depends, of course, on the city.

In some cities, girls are required to register with the police department, be fingerprinted and photographed, fill out a dossier of vital information, and swear that they have no criminal record.

A careful check is made before the girls are licensed as hostesses and provided with identification cards.

The most serious complaint that may be made against taxi-dance halls arises from their very nature of operation.

Regardless of the morality of the management and girls, the basic purpose is to sell as many tickets as possible, for on such sale the livelihood of all depends. This leads to abuses.

THAT dance-halls where men who are unable to find partners can come for wholesome recreation are desirable is indisputable.

However, it may be that more wholesome conditions in the taxi-dance business as a whole would result if girls were paid a minimum salary plus a sliding commission which tapered downward after a certain sum were earned each week.

This would result in more basic security for the girls and would also remove the incentive to extract the last possible dollar from the customer.

It would also eliminate much of the fierce and often disgusting competition between the girls themselves, which is widespread.

Obviously, only those places which were operated on sound business principles, with adequate capital would be able to survive under this setup. This in itself would be a benefit.

In the last analysis, both the taxi-dance halls and the girls are in a licensed, legitimate business.

The time you spend with any girl on the premises will cost you somewhere between eight and fourteen cents a minute.

Frankly, you'll have a hard time finding a way of spending money faster and with less return than in the average taxi-dance hall!

THE END

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THE TRUTH ABOUT CANNIBALS

(Continued from page 23)

bers of other tribes. Herodotus, the Greek historian, told of the inhabitants of India, who, impelled by hunger, killed and ate their aged relatives. Hunger has made cannibals of all races at one time or another.

Among the more notorious intra-tribe cannibals, age was received not with respect but with expectancy. The family would meet and mutually decide upon the death of one of the elders.

The most persuasive of the group would approach the intended victim and talk for hours on how wonderful it would be to die and leave the torture of this life. After the killing, there would be a great feast lasting for days.

Much of the eating of one another by tribe members had a genuine affectionate background that we would have difficulty in comprehending.

The Sardi of Sardinia considered it a kindness for the young to kill their parents. We are given a description of the old mother, "knowing that the time had come, cheerfully and resignedly making preparations for her burial.

"When all was in readiness and the funeral feast prepared, she would summon her friends and relatives, exhort her son to be of good courage, to strike hard and surely with the club, and not to wince."

A similar form of cannibalism existed among the Tibetans during our Middle Ages. The bodies of those who died were made into a paste and eaten by intimates.

The belief was that the deceased would resume life in the body of a friend rather than decay in the ground.

In many parts of the world a definite morality existed with regard to eating those within the tribe. Criminals were not to be consumed.

Many tribes had severe punishments for those who violated the law. One cannibal chief was dethroned by popular revolt because he insisted on gobbling up his wives.

THE only true cannibal, as the term has come to be known, was the one who enjoyed eating human flesh. Such a definition excluded those who did it solely for religious reasons or from hunger, although the two motives might be combined.

For example, the killing of aged persons often continued when the cause, lack of other food, disappeared.

The Tonkawas, living in our own United States, had such an inclination for this one meat that during confession, priests rarely failed to ask Tonkawas converts, "Have you eaten human flesh?"

Other tribes scattered throughout the world equally appreciated man as food, but the two most famous case histories involved the Fiji Islanders and the Pangwes of Central Africa.

The latter completely reversed the orthodox opinion of procreation. To them, children for their own sake were a burden.

Most primitives are proud to have sons, but not the Pangwes. They did raise their sons, but it was daughters that were preferred for the price they might bring.

The Pangwes did not eat their children, at least not openly, but anyone else was considered fair game.

The method of practice was for one tribe of Pangwes to begin a petty quarrel with another tribe. Not being gluttons, each tribe would select a small group of men to represent them during the time

of the quarrel.

These two groups would then engage in hand-to-hand combat. It was not satisfactory that one group should kill all of the other, but it was necessary that the fighting should continue until all but one man remained.

Thus, if five men from the winning tribe were left, they would fight among themselves and kill one another until but one survivor remained.

The tribe to which this sole survivor belonged was the victor, and besides the settling of the quarrel in question, to this tribe belonged all the dead in the fight.

THE Fijians were yet more speculatively cannibalistic. To these people every wandering human was a prospective roast out of its natural habitat.

Once a man was dead, he was not a corpse. There was no word to designate "corpse." There was only *bakola*, which could be compared to our "beef," or, more correctly, "pork." In fact, "long pig" literally meant the lifeless human body.

These Fijians were incorrigibles in the sense that they could not be dissuaded from this one dietetic principle. During later periods, with the arrival of Europeans in force, human flesh as food was reduced in abundance and became a delicacy, to be compared to our lobster.

With the Fijians, enemies killed in battle were always eaten. If there were no enemies obtainable, as with the Pangwes they were quickly made.

Long expeditions were fitted out to capture victims from their neighbors, or recourse had to the store of slaves. When all of these sources failed, the Fijians waited and prayed for a shipwreck.

Concerning shipwrecks in general, the white man occasionally had a stroke of luck. When, after a storm, they first found themselves on the coast of Australia, they were greeted by humble natives.

An early account gives a description. "The aborigines considered these whites to be the embodied spirits of their own dead.



"We lost the game, but won the fight."

"The reason for this was that the native bodies, being scalded before eaten, became white when the dark cuticle peeled away."

"So when Europeans first presented themselves to the natives' astonished visions they were simply and reverently received as the materialized spirits of their scalded ancestry."

IN THE early history of the Mar- quessa, shipwrecked sailors, if white, had the choice of being tattooed and joining the tribe or of being eaten. Brown men's flesh was the more tasty to these cannibals.

With the Fijians it was the same. They expressed the opinion that the too earthy flavor of the white man oftentimes caused his rejection.

This very saltiness was sought after in other regions far from the sea, in places where salt was a precious commodity.

The Boobies of Africa traveled far from their homes to get near the ocean and to have a chance at those natives who were believed to contain more salt.

One Congo chief declared he greatly preferred the flesh of the white man for its salty taste in which it resembled the most tender of young pigs.

The Caribs were unprejudiced as to race. They enjoyed the British, Dutch, French, and Portuguese almost equally with their neighboring tribesmen, but they claimed the ability to detect a difference in nationality.

If they were to have chosen between a Frenchman and a Spaniard, they would have taken a Frenchman for every meal.

The Caribs thought none could surpass the French for tastiness and digestibility, while the Spaniard was declared too tough and stringy.

THERE were as many methods of preparation of the food as there were types of cannibals. Recipes were on the whole uncomplicated.

Occasionally they would eat it raw or dry it on racks of wood, but more often they cooked the meat. The black boiling pot, however, was not one of their utensils.

The majority of humans were baked. Bodies were cut up into large-sized pieces. Holes were dug in the earth, and green leaves were used either to line the holes or to be wrapped around the sections of meat.

A layer of wood covered the bottom of the hole, and a large stone was placed on top of the wood. Additional sticks were packed between the stone and the sides of the hole.

Once the fire was started it was continued until both the ground and the stones in the several holes had been made thoroughly hot.

The embers were then removed, the flesh was put in the holes and covered by the stones. The length of cooking-time depended on the appetites of those who watched and waited.

The food was eaten together with the particular beverage of the tribe. If not well-done, the flesh was very tough, but it pulled apart easily and was considered excellent if allowed to cook long enough.

As for the roasts, they were prepared on spits and suffered the

defect of all amateur roasts. The outside was often burned while the inside remained raw.

These slight imperfections did not trouble the cannibals. Those who did not relish the crusty outside sections were happy to get the bones and crack them with their teeth.

And if anything at all remained, there were always the women huddling in the background, waiting for the opportunity.

MOST tribes did not believe in mixing their menus. If human flesh was in order, the staple vegetable diet of the tribe was laid aside for another day.

A few did enjoy their meat in the form of a stew or hash. Manioc flour or another available starchy substance was stirred into water and boiled. The meat was

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cut into shreds and combined with this mixture.

Rice or peppers were sprinkled into the concoction. To all forms of flesh a sauce of palm and peanut oil might be added.

Each member of the tribe had a part of the body he especially favored. Some prized the brain, others the intestines. The warrior who had slain the victim was offered the fingers and toes as a delicacy.

The "long pig" was not wasted, even to the bones. Large ones were cut out to make fish-hooks, spearheads, and musical instruments. Smaller ones made needles or hairpins.

Skulls were used for drinking cups or were placed around the family hut as decorations. Occasionally they would be given to the children to play with.

IN TROPICAL climates, the problem of storage was solved by keeping the victims alive until the last possible moment. They were fed on the rich yams, breadfruit, and coconuts which abound.

The cannibals of Rosell Island

were once pleased to discover a boatload of three-hundred Chinese coolies shipwrecked on a neighboring islet.

Proceeding with deliberation, the cannibals each day escorted three or four of the victims to the main island, meanwhile bringing out boatloads of high-calorie delicacies to those who remained.

Even today, there are tribes continuing to practice cannibalism. And, incidentally or not, these tribes are as doubtful of our methods as we are of theirs.

One isolated cannibal, on hearing of our world wars, was first fascinated, then envious. His curiosity aroused, he wished to know how the white man could hope to consume such enormous quantities of human flesh.

He was told with justifiable pride that the rest of the world does not practice cannibalism.

Hearing this remark, our South Sea neighbor answered, shaking his head, "What kind of creatures are you, that you kill without any real reason?"

THE END

TRAGIC DROWNING OF 1,500 PEOPLE

(Continued from page 9)

send this warning along to the bridge, partly because he was very busy sending routine messages—which are numerous on a large ship—and partly because he did not realize that the Mesaba was ahead of the Titanic.

At 11:00 P.M. the California sighted the Titanic approaching from astern and wireless, "We are stopped and surrounded by ice." And the Titanic's wireless operator replied somewhat testily, "Shut up. I am busy. I am working Cape Race."

Ten minutes before the Titanic struck the iceberg, the Californian's wireless man turned in for the night!

MANY of the passengers aboard the world's greatest and newest ship had gone to bed, but quite a number of men were in the smoking and card rooms.

At 11:30 the Titanic's lookout, Fleet, on duty in the crow's nest, reported sighting a black object dead ahead and rang the bridge bell three times.

The helmsman put the wheel hard over, and the ship started to swing off to port. But a ship almost a sixth of a mile long is not turned quickly.

Fate apparently conspired in many ways to sink the Titanic with terrible loss of life. Even the lookout testified afterward that he would have sighted the iceberg in time for the helmsman to swing the ship out of the way if he had had glasses, but no glasses were in the crow's nest, although the officers on the bridge had them.

The iceberg passed the ship on the starboard side, almost like a ghost. Very few passengers saw it, scarcely any felt any shock.

One man in the smoking room, who had been sitting facing the windows, saw the berg slip past and said afterward that it was probably about 80 or 90 feet high.

But it soon vanished astern, and it was never seen again, or identified accurately by any person the following morning.

People, mostly, just kept on with whatever they were doing, playing

cards, reading, talking, or just sleeping.

Miss Gretchen Longley of Hudson, New York, expressed the opinion, for example, "I think that there were people on board the ship when she sunk who died without knowing that she had struck and who did not realize anything was wrong until the water rushed into their staterooms."

BUT far below the waterline, in the stokehold, the black gang knew that the ship was hurt. The entire side of a compartment crashed in, followed by tons of water. All along the side of the ship, in at least eight compartments, this was happening.

On the bridge, First Officer Murdoch immediately ordered the watertight doors between the compartments closed. Captain Smith, who had been dining, rushed to the bridge and ordered the engines stopped and the carpenter to sound the ship.

The Titanic coasted slowly to a halt and lay motionless. The first report was of water three feet deep in the mail room, and the three U. S. mail employees on duty there began transferring bags of mail to a higher deck. All three went down with the ship.

So did every one of the ship's 35 engineers, who stayed below to keep the engines running that operated the pumps and lights.

At the end, when Captain Smith ordered, "Save yourselves; it's every man for himself now," all the boats had left the ship.

Most of the firemen and stokers perished, as well as 50 bellboys, not one of whom made any effort to get into a lifeboat.

The ship lay perfectly still. A few people sauntered curiously on deck to ask what had happened, but nobody knew more than that the ship had bumped a piece of ice.

More stokers appeared on deck with the ominous word of water pouring into the ship. Then Captain Smith went to the wireless room and told Harold Bride, the second radio man, "Send the call for assistance."

"What call shall I send?" Bride asked. "The regulation international call for help," Captain Smith said calmly. "Just that."

From the Titanic's wireless, "Q. E.D." began going out.

And aboard the Californian, seven miles away, the lone radio man was sleeping.

Then the command came from the bridge, "All passengers on deck with lifeboats on." The first rocket

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a solid mass of close-packed, silent men, waiting . . . Hundreds, apparently fearing that they would be drawn down by suction as the ship sank, jumped into the water. But the lifeboats, also fearing suction, had also pulled quite a distance away.

On deck, the Rev. Thomas Befes quietly knelt and began a prayer service. He was still on his knees as the ship took its final dive.

The eight-piece string band—Kraus, Taylor, Woodward, Clark, Hume, Bralley, Briceux, and Hartley—who up until now had been promenading the decks playing popular airs, suddenly played a single chorus of "Nearer My God To Thee."

They were playing an Episcopal hymn—"Autumn"—as the water swirled over their instruments. All these brave men perished.

The Titanic had sent her last wireless message: "Sinking by the head." But the operators still stood by their instruments hoping for even a brief resumption of some sort of power.

In the engine room, the doomed engineers were still working a few of the pumps. Suddenly the signal "Ring Off"—the last given after a ship has docked—appeared on the engineroom telegraph.

On the bridge, Captain Smith had given the general order, "You have done your duty; it is now every man for himself. Save yourselves if you can."

The deckhouses, the railings, all the high parts of the stern were crowded with silent men. "The men stood quietly," Mr. Lightoller wrote, "as if they knew they were in church. They knew that they were in the sight of God."

At 2:15, the Titanic was completely down forward, while her stern and propellers were high out of the water. Gradually the tilt increased.

Suddenly there was a terrific rumbling roar, as the engines, boilers, and other heavy machinery crashed forward through the bulkheads into the lower, forward part of the ship. Much of this machinery may have plunged completely through the bow of the ship.

THE tilt of the ship rapidly increased, with the stern and propellers rising 150 feet out of the water. For a long time—perhaps four minutes—the ship stood absolutely vertical in the water. Then, very slowly, she slid straight down. She was going just as slowly when her rudder disappeared. All her

lights went out just before she vanished.

Then the terrible walling of more than 1,500 human beings who had suddenly been precipitated into the freezing water began.

Gradually, the cries of the drowning ceased. The lifeboats waited. The weather was roughening, a breeze was coming up.

At 4:00 A.M. a ship was sighted in the first flush of dawn picking her way slowly through the ice that was now seen everywhere—acres of field ice and hundreds of bergs, many of them 100 or 200 feet high.

She was the Carpathia, Captain Rostron commanding, and she had covered the 58 miles in three and one-half hours, far above her usual speed.

And she had made the run with the knowledge that icebergs lay ahead. She only slowed after she actually entered the field in which the Titanic had sunk.

Mr. Lightoller was the only senior officer of the ship who was saved; he was swept overboard as the ship sank but was rescued by one of the rafts. That point was brought out at the Senate inquiry, when he was asked, "Did you leave the ship?"

"No, sir," Mr. Lightoller replied. "Did the ship leave you?"

"Yes, sir."

ON the morning of the sinking, April 15, the New York Times made an amazing scoop when it daringly headlined, "New Liner Titanic Hits An Iceberg; Sinking By The Bow At Midnight"—based on fragmentary information received at Cape Race by wireless.

On Sunday, many churches both in this country and abroad held memorial services for the victims of the Titanic sinking. Many pastors considered the disaster a warning of the Deity against man's presumption. The Rev. Charles A. Eaton of the Madison Ave. Baptist Church in New York, for example, declared:

"If the builders of the Titanic had had a real faith in the almightiness of God, they would not have believed that they could build something to master his seas."

As a matter of fact, no shipbuilder has dared to declare his vessel "unsinkable" since!

It is a tragic fact that 1,595 persons paid with their lives and the greatest ship ever built was lost on her maiden voyage because ice proved a greater titan than the Titanic!

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(Signed) ARMAND J. LOPEZ, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1931.

Jack L. Miller, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1932)

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RIGHT OUT PLAYING
REAL PIECES!**



Every One's Talking About This WONDERFUL, EASY WAY TO LEARN MUSIC!

**I'VE LEARNED TO PLAY
SO QUICKLY MY FRIENDS
ARE SIMPLY AMAZED!**

No Matter WHO You Are, or WHERE You Live, or How LITTLE You Know About Music, You Can Soon Play Your Favorite Pieces by Note, FREE BOOK Tells All About It.

NO wonder over 550,000 people have chosen this modern way to learn music! Here at last is a method by which anyone can learn to play his favorite musical instrument quickly and easily. Now there is nothing to prevent you from making your dream of playing music come true!

EVEN IF you don't know a note of music yet . . .
EVEN IF there is no music teacher near your home . . .
EVEN IF you couldn't afford private lessons . . .
EVEN IF you can spare only a few minutes a day, or a few hours a week . . .
EVEN IF you are "bad" down to your job or your home . . .
EVEN IF you think you "lack musical talent" . . .
EVEN IF all these things are true of you, we guarantee to show you how to

start so quickly your friends will be amazed. So pleasantly you'll really look forward to each new lesson. So impressively you'll never miss the few cents per lesson which it costs!

Secret of Rapid Progress

Instead of making you do tedious scales and tiresome exercises, the U. S. School of Music Lessons (in words and pictures) enable you to learn by playing real pieces—right from the very start! As a result, your progress is amazingly rapid. Almost before you realize it, you find yourself playing all your favorite pieces by note.

Why not let this famous home study method bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? It can bring you countless good times. New friends. Extra money from playing or teaching. Greater listening pleasure. Possibly a brilliant musical career. Best of all, the sheer personal satisfaction of being able to make your own music—provides your own entertainment.

**THOUSANDS NOW PLAY
WHO NEVER THOUGHT THEY COULD**

Didn't Know A Note — Now Plays For Dancers

"I didn't know about notes or scales! Three months later I started to play for dances. I have been invited to many parties and make people very happy with my music." — Mrs. Betty Thompson, Walworth, N. Y. Graduate.

Amazes Her Friends

"I had some friends that I used to play the piano for. They don't believe me now because I can start teaching. Teaching their children last night when I started to dance. Our son, Ray, Louis. It sounds like you're home playing for them!" — Louise Dimes, Oakland, Cal.

"Easy As

Falling Off Log"

"It's easy as falling off a log. I have always wanted to play and now a 150-page dream is being realized." — Mrs. Philip S. Jones, Standing, Utah.

Leaves Father Without Teacher

"I have no music talent—but thanks to your method, I play my guitar confidently in 10 minutes! I feel that many students who have been taught many methods have never learned variety of a higher and more beautiful one." — Mrs. Andrew, Norwalk, N.Y. Graduate.

New Pioneer Orchestra Leader Got His Start

"I got my start in music with a U. S. School Lesson. They said it is to be learned by heart and play instrument like 'break ground'! Well, I can, this school was worth for me that I've started my own orchestra." — Lawrence White, Unknown address, Idaho.

U. S. School of Music, Studio 1144, Fort Washington, N.Y.

I am interested in learning to play particularly the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "How to Learn Music at Home"—also the free Instruction-Sample of your simplified word-and-picture teaching method. NO SALESMAN IS TO CALL UPON ME.

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------|----------------------|
| () Piano | () Trumpet | () Modern Saxophone |
| () Guitar | () Cornet | () Harmonica |
| () Mandolin | () Flute | () Harmonium |
| () Organ | () Clarinet | () Piano |
| () Viola | () Bass | () Piano |
| () Piano | () Tenor Sax | () Piano |
| () Organ | () Flute | () Piano |
| () Saxophone | () Trombone | () Organ |
| () Clarinet | () Flute | () Piano |

Do you have the instrument?

(Mr.) _____
(Mrs.) _____
(Miss) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

NOTE: If you are under 18 years of age parent must sign request.

SEND FOR Free Book and Free Instruction-Sample

Let us PROVE that what we say is true. See for yourself why our School has been so successful for 53 years. Mail the coupon below, and we'll gladly send you our valuable 35-page FREE BOOK—and also a Free Instruction-Sample you can try out at home. No obligation; no salesman will call on you. U. S. School of Music, Studio 1144, Fort Washington, New York. (Special Reduced Prices on Instruments to our students.)



WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes

WHEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you *can* and *should* do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real YOU closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities — intelligence, character, dignity — all go to naught... are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the YOU that people see first is your face.

SKIN PROBLEMS

DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than now,

DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers. A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection. Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.



MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unsightly pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dust. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollen, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragments of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below.



A. Normal skin B. Sick, pimply skin

Diagram A shows a normal-size, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

TRY THIS SENSIBLE WAY

Two sensible aims to achieve in controlling this skin condition are: to clear the pores of clogging matter, and to inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin. Toward these ends, Dornol Products' research makes available two formulas. One is to aid in thorough cleansing by highly detergent penetration which simplifies the removal of waste and foreign matter. The other is to discourage oiliness with clinically-proved ingredients, and to kill infec-



tious bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples and blackheads.

BLEMISHES COVERED UP

To remove the distressing embarrassment of these skin blemishes, the second Dornol formula exerts a "cover-up" action on your broken out skin while the medication does its work. This, plus its pleasant odor, will spare you the mental distress which is associated with unsightly, malodorous, medicated preparations. Imagine! You can apply this Dornol formula to your skin by day and face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance, while secure in the knowledge that medication is acting to remove old blemishes and keep away new ones. What this "cover-up" action alone is worth in peace of mind is beyond calculation. No longer need prying eyes make you wince with humiliation and misery. Now because of this wonderful feature of the Dornol treatment, you can put your best foot forward ... at once!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

OR

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We know what the Dornol treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at our risk. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you: If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not only the price you paid — but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain... and we take all the risk!

How to get the Dornol Treatment immediately: Just send your name and address to DORNOL PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. 7404 363 Central Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Dornol treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, if you wish to save postal fee, send \$2 now and we will pay postage. Which ever way you order, the **DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE** still prevails. Don't delay another minute, send for the Dornol Medicated Skin treatment with "cover-up" feature... at once! Sorry, no Canadian C.O.D.'s.

How to Make YOUR Body Bring You FAME

... Instead of SHAME!

ARE YOU
Skinny?
Weak?
Flabby?

Will You Let Me
Prove I Can Make You
a New Man?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people stare at. Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lb! I was ashamed to strip for sports or movies for a living. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

What "Dynamic Tension" Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. You can simply exercise and live it all in all with ME STILL in your hands. It's your only true, no double quick time! Only 15 minutes a day, 5 or 10 in your own home, is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost at all!

I can broaden your shoulders, broaden your back, develop your chest, develop your arms and legs, and ENLARGE your add muscles to your elbow, give you a fine life grip, make those legs of yours like powerful I can't lift men, strengthen your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you relax your body, full of pep, vigor and unbounded vitality that you won't feel there's even a "standing room" left for us these days that has lived! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole life changed to a new new, beautiful one of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes A Day

No "ifs," "ands," or "buts!" Just tell me where you want firm, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gangly? Are you short-winded, restless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the greatest jobs, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method that strengthens your spine and makes it stronger, shows amazing results, and is absolutely fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension" isn't that difficult! The 15 minutes a day method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skin-and-bone weakling I once was to the magnificent super man physique! Thousands of other fellows are likewise, and when they see me, my work, I urge you to get out of your options to feel with. Who can have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at anybody's weaknesses. You might notice the DORMANT muscles in your own body—watch it in motion and marvels our real, solid LIVE MUSCLE!

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory, no exercise is involved. And you can repeat it only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using your muscles of "Dynamic Tension" almost immediately, every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—and BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

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FREE Book

Charles
Atlas

Hobbs of the
The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed Man

This is an actual photograph.

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My Illustrated Book is Yours
—Not for \$1.00 or 10c—But FREE

Send \$1.00 to receive my book. I will send you my book, "Dynamic Tension," and a 15-minute exercise routine. You can see the results of "Dynamic Tension" in my book. Please send me your money order or check for \$1.00.

Send \$1.00 to receive my book. I will send you my book, "Dynamic Tension," and a 15-minute exercise routine. You can see the results of "Dynamic Tension" in my book. Please send me your money order or check for \$1.00.

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